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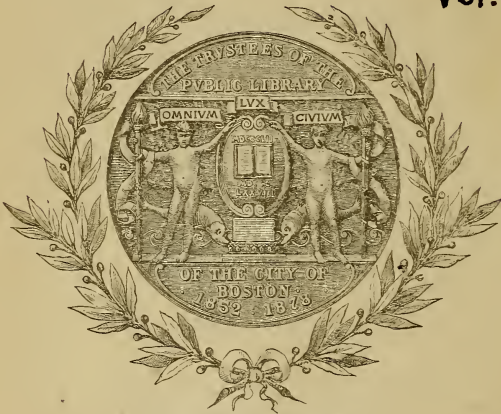
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RECOLLECTIONS,

Political, Literary, Dramatic, and Miscellaneous,

OF THE

LAST HALF-CENTURY.

RECOLLECTIONS,

Political, Literary, Dramatic, and Miscellaneous,

OF THE

LAST HALF-CENTURY,

CONTAINING

ANECDOTES AND NOTICES OF PERSONS OF VARIOUS RANKS, PROMINENT IN THEIR VOCATIONS, WITH WHOM THE WRITER WAS PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED.

“Quicquid agunt homines.”—*JUVENALIS, Sat.*

BY

THE REV. J. RICHARDSON, LL.B.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

Alteration in the Laws of Debtor and Creditor—The King's Bench Prison—Want of Discipline—Mr. Jones, the Marshal—Prisoners and Visitors—Amusements and State of Morality—Captain Christie—The Rules—Mellor Hetherington, Esquire: he drives the Crown Prince Birmingham Coach—Mr. Bolton—Golden Cross, Charing Cross—Chums—Mrs. Whimper.

AMONGST the numerous alterations, which the abrogation of certain laws and the amendments of others have made in the general aspect and character of society in England, and more particularly in London, may be mentioned the alterations which have been effected by the repeal of the old law of debtor and creditor, and the introduction of the laws by which their relative interests are now guarded.

To those who have only been acquainted with the law as it now exists, the practice and results of the

ancient system will appear incredible. They will be little able to comprehend the folly and cruelty of the legal enactments under which their immediate ancestors were content to live, the narratives connected with which exceed the wonders of fiction, though unfortunately they have nothing of the fabulous about them.

But strange as was the sufferance which permitted the long tyranny of the system to exist, more strange was the opposition made in many quarters to any attempt at its amelioration or removal.

If any benefits had accrued to creditors from the existence of the system, it might be supposed they would have given their support to it from self-interest, however indefensible as part of a compact which governed their dealings and protected their property. But the fact was, it neither protected their property, nor put them in so good a situation to prevent the operations of fraud as the present system puts creditors of the present day, by the improvements in the laws of bankruptcy and insolvency.

It is true they could indulge a taste for vengeance; and this taste was gratified, it may be said was encouraged, by the law; but the law could neither compel the dishonest and rascally debtor to pay his bills, nor squeeze money out of a man reduced by

misfortune or the villany of other people to the state of perfect pauperism.

There existed formerly, as there exists at present, and probably always will exist, a class of persons who oppose every alteration whatever, and more especially any alteration which professes to have in view the public good. They have a dread of what they term innovation ; they resist all improvement, however manifest, by which the great mass of the community is to be benefited, and exert every influence they possess to cripple, delay, or destroy every plan which contemplates a more equitable adjustment of the rights and duties of man with man.

This class was horrified at the prospect of repealing statutes which consigned indiscriminately the rogue and the honest man to the dungeons of a prison. They foretold the downfall of all social regulations if the ancient bulwarks were removed, and with an ignorance commensurate with the selfish obstinacy of their nature, implored and clamoured for the perpetuity of the evils.

That they were as ignorant of the arrangements of the prisons to which debtors were consigned, and of the abuses of which a rogue or a man with money could avail himself, as they were pertinacious in the opposition to all alterations in the law, will be shown

presently. I will, in the meantime, say something more on the general system of the law of arrest.

The first process was to "serve" the debtor with a copy of a writ, until the return of which he could secure his liberty by giving bail to the sheriff. The return of all writs being in term time, if a man was served with a copy after Trinity term, he was enabled to be at large till Michaelmas term; so that he had plenty of time to make away with his property, or so to secure it that little or no chance was given to his creditor of obtaining payment of his debt, if his debtor were a reckless, dishonest, or obstinate man.

At the return of the writ he could elect to go to prison, or he could put in bail to the action, by which he was enabled to continue at large till the trial of the cause; and thus further time was afforded to carry into execution any nefarious project he might have concocted to cheat his creditors.

If, however, he were a poor man, or one without friends, it was not likely he could procure bail, either to the sheriff or to the court. The consequence was, that whatever were the "merits" of his case, he was taken to prison, and there detained until his amended circumstances, or some unlooked-for change of fortune, enabled him to liberate himself by paying the claim

made upon him, obtaining bail, or expending his money in defence of an action.

Thus, it not unfrequently happened, that persons were kept for months in prison upon claims made by others, who had only a doubtful foundation for them, and occasionally persons were taken to prison, kept there, from various motives, upon affidavits for debt of scoundrels whose object was revenge or extortion, to whom they never owed a shilling.

It will also be seen, that whilst it enabled a rogue to laugh at his creditors, provided he had sufficient funds to carry his roguery into effect, it punished an innocent man as a criminal, and in neither case improved the condition of the creditor, or facilitated or expedited the recovery of his money.

It was in fact the safeguard of the scoundrel; the ruin of the honest but unfortunate man; the instrument of vengeance in the hands of a vindictive creditor; and the mode by which the real interests of all persons of respectable conduct were sacrificed.

Fortunately, the progress of the times has enlightened the legislature and the people; and though the present state of the law of debtor and creditor is susceptible of much improvement, and is deformed and confused by several anomalies, yet so much has been done to bring it to a better state, that there is

great hope of its being rendered before long as perfect as any law emanating from the finite wisdom of man can be rendered.

It is not meant to review the Statute-Book on this subject, or to point out the differences and distinctions of the process of former and present times. What has been said is sufficient for the purpose here intended. It was necessary to say so much ; to say more would be out of place.

It may be truly averred that very few men can be or were ever made better men, or more prudent men, by being shut up in a prison. Those who see the world through the mist of a theory, have but an imperfect knowledge of the motives, impulses, exigencies, and corruptions by which it is governed. Such persons may gabble about the efficacy of imprisonment as a terror or a punishment, as a means of inculcating moral feeling by showing the inconveniences of crime ; they may prate about inculcating habits of industry and exertion, and the evils which idleness and improvidence produce, by the practical illustrations of a jail. Such philanthropists may be very sincere in their notions and their views, but the application of them to the masses of society is erroneous and dangerous. A very little actual acquaintance with facts will enable an unprejudiced man to form a correct

opinion on this subject, and what I am about to tell of the state of the King's (now Queen's) Bench prison, but a few years ago, will give a tolerable idea of what benefit could be derived by anybody from being locked up therein, under the old law of imprisonment for debt.

The discipline of the prison was tyrannical, yet lax, capricious, and undefined. The regulations were either enforced with violence and suddenness, or suffered to become a dead letter. Nobody cared much about them, and at one time or other they were broken by every prisoner within the walls.

Occasionally, an example was made of a more than usually refractory inmate; but the example was despised as a warning, and operated as an incentive to infraction. The law by which the prisoners were kept in some sort of moral subordination emanated from themselves, and from the necessity which is recognised in all communities of combinations of the weak to resist the oppressions of the strong. A very wild administration of justice was acknowledged and enforced. The exigencies of the system demanded dispatch and vigour. A sort of "Lynch law" superseded the orders of the marshal.

It was the duty of that functionary to reside in a house in the courtyard, within the outward boundary

of the prison. It was meant by the legislature that he should be at hand to administer justice, to attend to applications for redress, to enforce obedience by his presence, prevent disturbance amongst the unruly host of his subjects, and to carry into effect the orders which, as a servant of the Court of King's Bench, he was bound to see respected.

It is notorious that Mr. Jones, for many years the marshal of the prison, did not reside. He was only in attendance on certain days at his office, and held a sort of court of inquiry into the state of his trust, the turnkeys and the deputy-marshal acting as *amici curiæ*, and instructing him in his duties. He made, at stated times, inspections of the prison, and in his periodical progresses was attended by his subordinates in great state. He was a fat, jolly man, rather slow in his movements, not very capable of detecting abuses by his own observation, and not much assisted in his explorations by others. It was a mere farce to see him waddle round the prison; his visits produced no beneficial effects; the place, somewhat more orderly during the time of his stay, on the moment of his departure relapsed into its normal state of irregularity and disorder.

In the halcyon days of his authority there was no such institution as the Court for the Relief of

Insolvent Debtors. The legislature from time to time cleared out the over-gorged prisons by passing acts to discharge unfortunate insolvents, and what was called the "Lords' Act" co-operated to prevent the enormous conflux of such people. This inefficient kind of legislation was not what was wanted; it acted as a temporary alleviation of the miseries and abominations of the system, but it failed to abate the nuisance, which may be said to have flourished with renovated vigour from the prunings which removed its excrescences.

The consequence was, that the prison was crowded with persons of all classes, ranks, callings, professions, and mysteries—nobles and ignobles, parsons, lawyers, farmers, tradesmen, shopmen, colonels, captains, gamblers, horse-dealers, publicans, butchers, &c. &c. The wives of many of these shared the fortunes and misfortunes of their husbands, and scores of widows and spinsters were amongst the majority who could not pass the gates. It may be calculated that the numerical strength of this strange colony amounted to an average of eight hundred or a thousand individuals.

In addition to this great number of actual denizens, groups of visitors were coming in and going out of the prison all day long. Hundreds of idlers and dis-

solute persons, of both sexes, patronized the establishment; dealers in legalized and contraband commodities were in great force and activity. Game of all kinds, which could not be exposed for sale outside the walls, without subjecting the vendors and purchasers to heavy penalties, was within them an article of open commerce; and any person who might be anxious for such delicacies might here obtain them with impunity, and at small cost.

It was a piece of unnecessary, if not of dangerous impertinence to question sellers by what means they got possession of their stock-in-trade; a tacit admission of the integrity of everybody was given by everybody; the transactions of the market being, at the same time, conducted on the prompt payment and immediate delivery system.

In addition to the numerous itinerant, or what might be called foreign dealers, a number of persons were located in the prison who opened shops as grocers, cheesemongers, sutlers, &c., and carried on a lucrative trade. These people were, of course, prisoners, indeed many of them were their own prisoners, having by fictitious arrests procured their own incarceration, in expectation of the profits to be derived from supplying their fellow-prisoners with the wares in which they dealt.

At one end of the great inner yard was the "Coffee House," and at the other an institution called the "Tap." Those of more aristocratic habits paid their visits to the former of these places; the democratic element was developed at the latter. It was calculated that upwards of three butts of porter were drawn per day at the "Tap," of which the reputation was so high that, in addition to the prisoners, scores of idle sots, from without the gates, might be seen enjoying the potent gifts of the cereal Bacchus.

The scene was occasionally diversified by differences of opinion expanding into vehement expressions of defiance and contempt. The action was suited to the word, and very frequently preceded it, and a pugilistic contest would follow.

Part of the great yard was used as a tennis court, and some of the best players in the metropolis were in the practice of daily exhibiting their skill, and picking up money at rackets. On such festivals as "Boxing-day," Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and other similar holidays, various games were celebrated—viz., "hopping in sacks," "Blindman's buff," with the accompaniment of a cart whip; racing for "smocks" by females, insiders and outsiders included; a handicap for all ages, open to young and old,

thoroughbred, halfbred, "cocktails," &c., without reservation or favour.

The clerk of the course on these occasions was a Captain Christie, whose experience in such sports and pastimes was recognised and allowed by his associates.

This gentleman, after a tolerably long residence in the place to which he was accustomed to say the "illiberality" of his creditors had consigned him, regained his liberty, and married the lady who enjoyed the protection of Fauntleroy, the banker.

The rules of the prison interdicted the use of spirits. Wine and beer were the fluids which the wisdom of the law makers considered sufficient for all purposes of health or exhilaration: but the rules were in fact a dead letter. Brandy, rum, and gin were continually passing over the frontier, or in other words were smuggled through the gates of the lodge, notwithstanding the vigilance of the officials there stationed. Sometimes an unfortunate contrabandist was taken before the marshal, and punished as the law directed. Nevertheless, a class of prisoners thrived mightily by keeping what were called "Tape" shops, in which the forbidden luxuries were sold, and of the sale of which nobody appeared to be ignorant but the functionaries whose duty it was to prevent its existence.

The rules of the place condemned those connexions of the sexes which had not received the sanction of the Church, and by them the presence of ladies within the walls, after the closing of the lodge gates at night, was forbidden. This rule, like others, was of little force or authority.

It certainly sometimes happened that domiciliary visits were paid by the turnkeys to the rooms of suspected incontinents, and what might be termed a "jail delivery" of all who were not prisoners was effected. This vindication of morality was attributed rather to the jealousies of the ejected than to the zeal of the officials, whose services were forced into action by the noisy representations and recriminations of feminine frailty.

A very charitable spirit pervaded the whole community of the prison; many of the members regretted the frequent and inexplicable losses of various things, yet few were the direct charges of theft. It was understood that the missing articles had been inadvertently removed by those into whose possession they were suspected to have passed. The public crier was continually announcing rewards for the restoration of lost property, the announcement invariably terminating with the assurance that "not one single question would be asked."

It was in the King's Bench Prison, and in gaols of the same class, that the real characters of men were to be discovered. What the decencies of society demand beyond the precincts of a prison, and in the general intercourse of men with men, was there neither respected nor required. The duties which feelings of honour or honesty exact were there discarded. The observances which a hypocrite finds it expedient to adopt in the world were useless. Few of the inmates thought the worse of a man because he had swindled his creditors, or recklessly and roguishly spent his own money and that of other people in vice and dissipation. The confessions of one spendthrift or of one swindler begot the confessions of another; the result was the increased capacity for mischief, and the resolution to practise it by both parties on the first favourable opportunity.

Men who, before they became the inmates of a gaol, had found it necessary "to assume a virtue, if they had it not," shortly after becoming prisoners, discovered that neither the appearance of virtue nor the virtue itself was required. They were very quick in perceiving that no estimation was set upon such articles; that they operated as trammels; that the barefaced declaration and avowal of a rogue procured more respect than the professions of an honest man.

He who possessed good principles was obliged to conceal them, to keep them in abeyance, to remain a silent auditor in the colloquies to which he was introduced, or to acquiesce in the sentiments of the majority, under pain of being treated as a fool, excluded from the general association, and sent to Coventry.

Thus they who went in with some respect for a good name became, by contamination, less tenacious of their reputation. Evil communications soon corrupted good manners in this abode of profligacy and degradation. Those who before their arrival had worn the mask of honesty, immediately threw it off, and appeared in their natural features. Those who had no fixed principles whatever, and little discrimination of right from wrong, were, as a matter of course, quickly and surely corrupted by the examples around them, and thus, avowals, statements, and sentiments were publicly made and professed which to novices and strangers seemed no less criminal than the disclosures and boastings of thieves, pickpockets, and burglars.

That every man who spent many of his days in this society was wholly corrupted by its contact, is not meant to be advanced. There existed a certain minority, who, if they came not out of it altogether

unscathed, yet managed to escape the virulence of the inoculation. But this minority was a small one; the majority of the long residents were hardened in feeling, reckless of the opinion of the world, confirmed in evil practice. No man was ever made better by what he saw and experienced. The greater part learnt that in the prison, which rendered them pests to the community without when they emerged from their durance.

To the absurdity and wickedness of indiscriminately depriving men of totally different gradations of culpability of their liberty, and subjecting them to the same measure of punishment, and wedging them in a mass within the walls of a prison, was added the absurd anomaly of inflicting so small a measure of restraint upon a wealthy scoundrel, or upon one who had wealthy connexions, that the restraint was no punishment at all. What was termed the "Rules" is what I here allude to; the "Rules" of the King's Bench Prison (happily they are now matter of history) appeared to have been instituted for the double purpose of defeating the very end for which imprisonment was enforced, and for putting money into the pocket of him, the marshal, who presided over the establishment!

The "Rules" were, topographically, the precincts

of the prison, and extended a very considerable distance from the prison itself. They took in all the adjacent streets, great part of the borough, and of the parish of Lambeth, the road from the Elephant and Castle Tavern to the Surrey Theatre, the Westminster-road, and part of the locality now occupied by the road leading to Waterloo Bridge. This district, under the term "Rules," was swarming with debtors, who paid large fees, and gave security to the marshal not to go beyond the bounds allowed them. It was the haunt of idle, dissipated men; a sort of modern Alsatia, little more refined than Old White Friars, and only less villanous in its habits and customs than its prototype by reason of the general progress of society. Those who obtained the liberty of the "Rules" might be seen enjoying themselves, and spending their creditors' money, in sundry places specifically appropriated to their accommodation. Taverns and theatres they could not enter without a breach of the compact between them and the marshal.

Upon the spot, or somewhere near to it, which lies in front of the Asylum for the Blind, near the Obelisk, which was formerly called St. George's Fields, stood the noted house of their resort, a privileged temple of Bacchus, called "Lowthorpe's."

This they were empowered to enter, and there, those amongst them who had plenty of money could indulge in all such luxuries as are to be met with in taverns, beer-shops, and gin-palaces of these days.

The restriction imposed upon them, with regard to taverns generally, was the penalty of an insult offered to Lord Thurlow, whose pleasure-grounds and plantations had undergone considerable desecration by a party of "Rulers" on their route to Epsom Races, and the burly Chancellor, in revenge for the misdoings of a few, procured an enactment by which the many were curtailed of their privileges and pleasures. In spite of his lordship, they managed to enjoy themselves in many ways, and evaded with perfect ease and impunity the regulations to which it was meant they should be amenable.

The marshal, it is true, was answerable to the creditors of a "Ruler" if the "Ruler" escaped, or was not forthcoming after notice to produce him in four-and-twenty hours. Thus the "Ruler" could always avail himself of liberty for twenty-four hours, and having shown himself to the marshal and the creditor, renew his freedom for twenty-four hours more; and so long as he remained a "Ruler," was comparatively a free man, or, at all events, a very different thing from a prisoner.

But the fact was, that the creditors, in very few instances, ever called upon the marshal to produce a "Ruler." They were perfectly aware of the futility of so doing; and except in cases of the most flagrant character, the marshal and the "Ruler" were exonerated from all inquiries; and the "Ruler" could take his pleasure, or extend his wanderings, with impunity, to all parts of England.

The notoriety of this fact is so well established by many instances of "Rulers" having been met with in almost all places but the "Rules," that one instance of the fact will be sufficient to give a notion of the abuse.

Mellor Hetherington, Esq., was a man whose life affords much matter on which the moralist may descant, the curious wonder, and the careless reflect. His father made a fortune in a profitable business, and increased it by lucrative contracts with the Government. He was educated for no profession, and brought up with no regard to prospective pursuits; he was to inherit a fortune, and it was taken for granted that the science of spending money was one that would come by instinct, and the manner in which it was spent accommodate itself to the propriety of the outlay. Economy was inculcated into the apprehension of the youth by frequent repetition

of the thrifty wisdom contained in the maxim, "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves." The youth comprehended and acted only on the second division of the instruction. What he did with the pence is of little importance; that he left the "pounds to take care of themselves" is certain; indeed, he accelerated their liberation from his personal constraint with a rapidity which alarmed his father. Bounds were put to the laxity of control over the parental savings by the substitution of a limited grant; and two thousand pounds a year were considered an adequate allowance for a young gentleman whose aspirations had disbursed double that amount in the same time.

The sequel of this arrangement shortly appeared. Mr. Mellor Hetherington was arrested for debt, and became a "Ruler," not in the King's Bench Prison, but in the Fleet Prison, in which a similar system of discipline was established, under the government of the "Warden."

Here Mr. Hetherington may be said to have enjoyed his *otium*, if not *cum dignitate*, at least, with such conveniences for comfort as suited his tastes and ideas quite as well. He had all the appliances for the pleasures of life with which a man of limited intellectual faculties and coarse habits of gratification

is satisfied. He had few cares, and the plasticity of his disposition enabled him, without difficulty, to conform to the requisitions of the position in which he was placed. Thus he was a jovial companion, a capital fellow, &c., and a man who, for more reasons than one, was considered by his associates an acquisition to the "Rules."

Mr. Mellor Hetherington had, previously to his introduction to the scenes of which he formed a prominent feature, been much addicted to the amusement of driving tandems, "four-in-hand," &c. He had, indeed, attained such a proficiency of skill in all that related to the art of driving, that, if destiny had placed him in times more propitious to such pursuits, he might, with safety, have been backed as a winner at the chariot races of Rome or Greece; first favourite amongst those,

*"Quos pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat," &c.*

and would have done justice to the judgment of his backers.

This passion for the functions of a charioteer would seem but little capable of being gratified by a prisoner for debt; nevertheless, under the regulations of the "Rules," the gratification of it experienced neither difficulty nor delay. It happened during Mr. Hethe-

rington's residence, or supposed residence, in the "Rules," that the coachman who was employed by Mr. Bolton, the then proprietor of the Golden Cross Inn, at Charing Cross, to drive the night coach called the "Crown Prince," or some such name, from London to Birmingham and back, was taken ill, and was, for a time, unable to attend to his duties. Being on intimate terms with Mr. Hetherington, he proposed that during his sickness that gentleman should take his place on the box, and drive the coach backwards and forwards, from and to Birmingham. Mr. Hetherington accepted the office with pleasure, and for upwards of a month fulfilled its duties with a punctuality and attention that secured the good will of the passengers and elicited the admiration of the proprietor, Mr. Bolton, who was generally in attendance at the Golden Cross, to see in what state and manner the coachman brought the horses into the yard. The veteran coach-master observed that he had got a "trump," dropped a hint or two that he should feel no great regret if the sick coachman never got well, and proposed to the temporary substitute to become the permanent successor to the invalid. Mr. Hetherington was obliged to explain the trifling obstacle which prevented the completion of so desirable an arrangement—he was a "Ruler." It was quite true

the "Rules" were not much better preserved by other people than by him; but the fact of his being continually engaged in driving a stage-coach, and for a long term, might reach the ears of creditors, who could not properly estimate such a performance on his part; the upshot of the business might be that the warden might be under the necessity of submitting to the prejudices of ignorant people, and confine him for the future to the walls of the prison.

From some cause or other Mr. Hetherington did become an inhabitant of the Fleet, and remained within the walls thereof for some years. Thence he removed himself by legal process to the King's Bench, of which place he obtained the "Rules;" resided, or was supposed to be "resident" within their limits for some time, and at length was "invited" by the marshal to come within the gates, an "invitation" which he, of course, accepted, and where, for many years, he "held his state" in what was called the "State House," a large building of dirty, solid brick-work, close to the entrance or lobby of the prison.

This gentleman passed, in the "Rules" and within the walls of the Fleet and the King's Bench Prisons, upwards of twenty years of his life, to the destruction of any prospects he might have had for the advancement of his interests in any way in the world, with

no advantage to his creditors, and to the disgrace of a system of jurisprudence which could enforce or tolerate such an absurdity and injustice. He commenced the career of a prisoner for debt with an income of sixteen hundred a-year; and he ultimately closed it by passing through the portal of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, without paying one shilling to those by whose tyranny or folly he had been for so long a time an anomaly to his race.

His residence within the State House presented a strange picture of the economy of the prison. It will not be irrelevant to give some description of it. They who were the companions of his imprisonment could furnish some incidents equally illustrative and curious.

He was the favoured tenant of two rooms on the first floor of the State House just mentioned. The term "favoured" is used, because by the regulations of the prison no prisoner was allowed more than one room, and was only on sufferance the sole occupier of that one room.

If the prison were full of prisoners, as at the time alluded to it was, the occupant of every room had thrust upon him one, two, or three companions, as the case might be. These persons were known by the friendly title of "Chums." Their society was, nowever, anything but desired or desirable, and if the occupant could afford it, he was allowed to buy

off the visit of the "Chum" by a certain weekly payment to that individual.

The system of "chumming" was upheld by the authorities, and by means of it a number of pauper prisoners were in part supported by their wealthier brethren. To what place or places the pauper prisoners betook themselves at night was one of the mysteries of the establishment; part of them, it was understood, slept nightly on the benches of the "Tap," and some scores were huddled together on the floor and seats of the chapel, which they modestly relinquished during divine service therein to other people, but what became of the majority when the hour of rest arrived, nobody knew or cared.

If the unfortunate occupant of a room had only the means of supporting himself, and could not afford to purchase the absence of his "Chum," he had the annoyance of passing his time with a drunkard, a mendicant, a vulgar ruffian, or any other variety of brutality, blasphemy, and rags, that the discretion of the officers might induce them to select as his companion.

Mr. Hetherington being a wealthy tenant, and having two rooms, was accommodated with a group of this class, whom he, of course, bought out, and employed, moreover, in various ways, as servants, and so forth.

Being settled in his rooms, one of his first acts was to enlarge the fireplace of one of them; to substitute a kitchen range for the small stove by which it had previously been occupied, and to make preparation for the enjoyment of those good things of this world, in which aldermen and civic celebrities are understood so much to delight. The room was a large one, and gave ample scope for the designs he meditated. It was fitted up with strong utilitarian furniture, and when completed partook of the triple character of kitchen, reception, and dining-room.

He had read enough of the Bible to remember the text, "It is not good that man should be alone," and he acted upon it, after his own manner, with scrupulous fidelity. A lady, who had been for some years under the protection of a noble lord, consented to share the fortunes of a commoner, and cheer by her presence the abode of the captive. Mrs. Whimper was accordingly inaugurated in her new receptacle, and for a number of years reigned mistress of the premises. It is but right to mention that the scruples the lady might have felt for the peculiarity of her position were removed by a promise of marriage from the gentleman, and that the promise was honourably fulfilled immediately on the discharge of the latter from prison.

CHAPTER II.

James Bearcroft: his Birth, Parentage, Education, Pursuits, and Death—Portrait of his Father, by Morland—Observation upon it, by Captain Best—Sir Edwin Sandys—Mr. Bryant (not the Antiquary)—Mr. Gordon Urquhart—A Curious Collection of Relics—The Rochfort Squadron—Henry Fauntleroy—Delcour—Vanity and Scoundrelism—Fauntleroy's Execution, &c.

HAVING then secured a fitting place for future enjoyments, he was not long in obtaining the aid of fitting instruments to carry out his views. Amongst the number of these, indeed the chief of them, was a well-known character, than whom few men had experienced stranger vicissitudes, and none borne them with greater equanimity or indifference.

This man was Mr. James Bearcroft, better known as Jemmy Bearcroft. His duties were to smuggle spirits into the prison for the gratification of his employer and his guests; to raise money on such hypothetical property as is generally conveyed to the pawnbrokers; to act the part which Mercury is understood to have acted for Jupiter; and to do the miscellaneous business which, in the words of newspaper

advertisements, is called "making himself generally useful;" all this and more he performed with punctuality, good faith, and secrecy, and in return was supported by his patron. He had originally possessed but little delicacy of feeling and little sense of shame. He had been one of those persons whom the great, so called, had received as a boon companion, and treated as the great in former days treated their licensed fools.

A noble lord, resident in Leicestershire, whose tastes were more boisterous than refined, had been so delighted with Jemmy's drolleries, that he conceived a friendly interest in his endeavours to get on in the world, and testified this interest with more profuseness than judgment by frequent pecuniary gifts. The object of his beneficence, in one of his erratic vagaries, had determined to visit the provinces, in which he thought he could turn his ribaldry to account, and his patron supplied the funds for his excursion. With these he purchased a wretched little vehicle and such other accessories as he considered necessary for his success. The vehicle was drawn by a famous trotting pony, a present from the Leicestershire peer, purchased in "the rough" for the occasion, and trimmed and clipped with great skill to give effect to the equipment. A sort of friendly commissariat, con-

sisting of his particular friends, was formed, and the vehicle was stored with a meat-pie and other things to meet the exigencies of hunger and thirst; and after an uproarious meeting at the Coal Hole Tavern, in Fountain-court, in the Strand, then kept by the father of the late proprietor, Mr. Rhodes, Jemmy set forth on his professional tour.

He reached the first place of his destination, some forty miles from London on the western road, on the evening of the market-day, having in his transit so diverted the clowns and boors with whom he came in contact, and the roadside publicans, that he was fêted with beer and spirits, and such like exhilarating things, at the general expense. On his approach he discovered, to his great exultation, that his reputation had preceded him, for on his "pulling up" at his inn, the rurals, who had had a foretaste of his quality, were waiting in a crowd, and no sooner did they recognise their new acquaintance than they testified their delight at his arrival. "Here he be;" "Bean't he a rum 'un;" "I never seed the like of he," &c., and such like remarks, were uttered by twenty different tongues.

With more audacity than politeness Jemmy cried aloud, "Look out, you Johnny Raws! you Barn-door Buffers! did you never see a gentleman before? call

the ostler, and make yourselves useful in assisting one of your betters to descend from his carriage." His auditors obeyed this command, the pony and chaise were consigned to the ostler, and the driver himself was politely shown into the room in which were already assembled a festive group to welcome his appearance. Here, till a late hour in the night, he kept the company in a roar of laughter at his jokes, many of which, it must be confessed, were somewhat threadbare, and many more of a character with which it is not accustomed to astonish "ears polite." To these primitive auditors, however, they had the charm of novelty and the advantage of being very readily understood. Jemmy was not the man to "cut blocks with a razor," and on this occasion his "table talk" secured unqualified admiration and praise. To diversify the pleasures of the evening, and show the versatility of his attainments, he volunteered the "Humours of Bartlemy Fair," a metrical production which had just made its appearance in London, and brought hundreds of people to the Adelphi Theatre, to enjoy the incomparable humour of the late Charles Mathews.

By the time this effort at vocalization was terminated, the "grey-eyed morn began to peep," and the company reeled off to their respective places of rest.

Mr. Bearcroft, however, scorning the repose of

sleep, ascended his car, and applying the lash to his pony, bade a temporary farewell to the temple in which the revels of Bacchus had been celebrated with such unusual honours, and proceeded on his journey.

In his communications by letter with his patron, this eccentric being gave notice, that he had reached the orderly and notoriously devout town of * * * * on the Sabbath Day, at the hour of morning prayer. By order of the magistracy of this holy city, all carriages were ordered to make a detour, by which the high road, which passed by the door of the church, was avoided, and the congregation within secured from being disturbed. In a place in which such observances prevailed, it is not difficult to imagine the surprise of the inhabitants on beholding an equipage like Jemmy's shoot through their town with clattering velocity, the charioteer himself in a state of intoxication, addressing observations to the priests and people, the purport of which I leave the reader to guess at. Scarcely had he reached the further limit of the town before indignation at the scandal of his behaviour attained its height, his further progress was cut short, and he himself taken before the magistrates of the borough, and committed to the cage.

The noble lord who had furnished the supplies for

the tour received another letter containing an account of the indignities to which his friend had been subjected, and requesting, in very pressing terms, a remittance to extricate him from the consequences of the perpetrated injustice, and to enable him to institute legal proceedings to procure an indemnification for his sufferings. Money was immediately forwarded for these purposes, which Mr. Bearcroft no doubt employed in the best manner the circumstances of the case required. The legal proceedings were, however, abandoned, as justice had already been very properly administered to the complainant, and the only mode he devised to express his resentment of the incarceration he had undergone, was to address an annual letter to the chief magistrate of the town, in which he availed himself of that faculty which he and his admirers termed wit, but of which, in the words of Parson Adams, it was more reputable to be the subject than the author.

Here is a specimen—viz., one of these letters—

“DOCTISSIME!—How are you getting on in your learning? I hope better than when I first knew you; for then there was little hope of your becoming a comfort to your friends or an ornament to society. I am always thinking of you, and have tried to get you into the new Government contract for bottling

off the Thames—the Government to supply the water, and you the bottles and corks. Don't put yourself to the trouble of answering this, as pens, ink, paper, and spelling-books are scarce in your part of the country. Tell all the 'Johnnies' they may rely on my protection.

“ Yours, *sub rosá*, JACOBUS.”

This man was one amongst many instances of men who have been brought up in expectations of wealth and position, and suddenly been thrown upon the world without a shilling, and without those habits of application by which a shilling is to be obtained. His father was eminent as a lawyer and as a speaker in the House of Commons, and would, had he lived, have obtained the highest rank in his profession. I believe the appointment of Lord Chancellor for Ireland had been offered to him, when death prematurely cut short his prospects of worldly wealth and dignity. He had taken an active part in the proceedings which were instituted by Burke against Warren Hastings, and was considered by his party as a man whose talents were of a high order, and whose advocacy was to be secured. His son had little veneration for his memory; he was in possession of a portrait by Morland, of his father, whose personal appearance was

exactly the reverse of comely, and whom Horace Walpole has described as an unwieldy mass of flesh. This portrait he attempted to treat as Joseph Surface treated the portraits of his ancestors; he was continually pestering Captain Best to become the purchaser of it, and expatiating on its merits. Now, though Best was fond of Jemmy's drolleries, he never lost an opportunity of giving him a gentle rub. Jemmy brought the portrait to his house, and offered to sell him a bargain.

"There's no humbug about it," said Jemmy; "it's a genuine picture, an original Morland."

"I'm aware of that," replied Best. "I know as well as you do how celebrated Morland was in the production of *beasts*."

Jemmy took the portrait away, and probably disposed of it at some other market.

He had at an early age been placed at Westminster School, and for ten years he was presumed to be courting the Muses who are supposed to haunt that venerable seat of learning. If his courtship of those ladies was a successful one, he had the modesty to keep the secret to himself, and nothing ever transpired in his conduct or language which would lead to the remotest notion of such *liaisons*.

He had appeared as *Davus* in Terence's play, and

Davus sum non Œdipus was a quotation by which he continued to back out of any discussion in which he discovered he was getting the worst of the argument.

Upon the strength of his performance of *Davus* he, however, considered himself entitled to be on the "free list" at the Westminster plays in future days; and when in somewhat better circumstances than usual ventured to lay a wager, and staked a five-pound note, that he would write a letter to Dr. Goodenough, the head-master of the school, and obtain tickets of admission for himself and friends for the entertainment. Here is his letter.

"DEAR GOODENOUGH,—Will you oblige me with four admissions for some friends of mine who wish to see the performance in the Dormitory on —— evening next?

Yours truly,

"J. BEARCROFT."

"All very clear," said Best, with a look of mistrust. "It's very easy to write a note, and quite as easy *not* to send it."

"Here," said Jemmy, "put it in the post yourself."

Best took the note, which he put into his pocket

instead of the post-office, and Jemmy received next day an answer, to which the name of the principal of the school was subscribed, though it was certainly not the production of that learned person. Thus:—

“ Dear Badenough formerly, and now worse than ever. Certainly not.

“ Yours, as your behaviour may deserve,

“ C. GOODENOUGH.”

Jemmy, who suspected something wrong, but could not discover what it was, was laughed at for his boasting, and lost his money.

In his descent in the scale of respectability, abandoned by his aristocratic friends, and no longer employed by Mr. Hetherington to smuggle spirits and other commodities into the King's Bench Prison, Bearcroft made application to Yates of the Adelphi Theatre, to whom he had been known in his better days, and Yates appointed him check-taker for the boxes. This appointment compelled him to be stationary and quiet for several hours every evening, and was consequently not much to his taste. His seat was in a narrow recess on the right hand side of the passage leading from the entrance of the house to the staircase, which he jocosely termed the “ Hole in

the Wall," and from which he so repeatedly absented himself without leave or notice, that Yates very soon found out his services were worse than useless. He was discharged, and for some time derived a very miserable existence from the extorted benevolence of old friends and acquaintance. It was in this deplorable state of destitution that he met with the late Mr. Bertie Ambrosse, who had known him when he enjoyed the patronage of the late Lord Coventry. To that nobleman, Mr. Ambrosse made known Bearcroft's wants without delay, and his lordship, very much to his credit, made no delay in the alleviation of them. He directed Mr. Ambrosse immediately to present him with ten pounds for present necessities, and to tell him that it was his intention to afford him permanent relief. The money and the message were at once conveyed to poor Jemmy; but what was intended to prolong his life had the effect of shortening it. He was so overjoyed at the munificence of his old friend and patron, and at the prospect which was opened to him, that his constitution, enfeebled by dissipation and want, could not support the excitement which ensued, and within a week of the announcement of his friend, he had reached that bourn from which no traveller returns.

In order to be well served with the luxuries of the

table, Mr. Hetherington made a resolution to become his own cook, and studied both in theory and practice the various systems with which Mrs. Glasse, Dr. Kitchiner, Ude, and others, have enriched literature and exhilarated life. In the early part of the day he held consultations with vendors of poultry, game, vegetables, and fish; discussed the merits of various joints of beef, lamb, pork, veal, and mutton. He selected with judgment what was best of its kind, and having so done set about the task of preparing the coming meal. Divested of his coat, and clothed in an appropriate costume for his operations, he chopped stuffing, rolled pie-crust, and performed all the minuter details of gastronomy with an assiduity and attention to his adopted duties, which it would be well if paid professors would imitate.

His agents, faithful to their trusts, were continually passing through the gates of the prison, returning with necessary condiments for the perfection of his dishes, Mr. Bearcroft performing the contrabandist, and "running" from time to time small cargoes of prohibited spirits.

By five o'clock the dinner was announced, and the table surrounded by a company consisting of fellow "collegians" and visitors from the "outside;" Mrs.

Whimper doing the honours and receiving the congratulations, Mr. Hetherington helping the guests and expatiating on the merits of the viands.

Amongst the most customary partakers of these luxuries was Sir Edwin Sandys, Bart., a man of rank and position, whose fortune not being adequate to his wants, or rather to what he thought he wanted, became the inmate of a jail whilst high-sheriff of Gloucestershire and colonel of the militia of the county, and continued for some years to expiate his folly and illustrate the absurdity of the laws as next-door neighbour to his eccentric entertainer.

Another pretty constant attendant at these dinners was a Mr. Bryant. This gentleman had, at one time, possessed considerable influence with constituencies, and acted as an agent in the election of members of Parliament with great success. He was a man of considerable fortune. He was located in the "Rules" or detained for a debt of less than forty pounds lodged against him. This debt he resolved never to pay, being as obstinate as his creditor, and content to wear out his days as a prisoner rather than submit to what he termed injustice. His case afforded a curious instance of the inefficiency of the law to enforce payment of a debt, where the debtor had made up his mind to resist the claim

against him. He was for some years either a "Ruler" or a prisoner within the walls.

Whether the debt for which he was detained was ultimately paid or not, has not come to my knowledge.

Mr. Gordon Urquhart was one of the guests at the table of Mr. Hetherington. He was a man well known some thirty or forty years ago as one of the principal supporters of the "Prize-ring," being the contemporary and companion of Captain Barclay, Berkeley Craven, Sir Henry Smyth, Tom Griffiths, Jackson, and others of sporting celebrity. He was also remarkable for a similarity of tastes with the celebrated George Selwyn. That gentleman, it is known, never missed attending the execution of a criminal, and was, on one occasion, at an execution at Paris, treated with singular marks of respect by the functionary who presided on the scaffold. Mr. Urquhart did not attain to such distinction; but at Newgate and Horsemonger-lane he was understood to have the *entrée*, and considered to be a privileged person. He carried his eccentric penchant for everything connected with the last moments of the unfortunate culprits so far, that he invariably procured from Jack Ketch the halters by which they were strangled, which he carefully preserved as mementoes of the instability of human

existence and the reward of crime. He possessed a curious collection of those dreary documents, and obtained a notoriety by this pursuit of which he was not a little proud.

Like most other persons of eccentric habits, his tastes exceeded his means of gratifying them; and though he was in the enjoyment of a good income, he was continually adopting expedients to obtain money. When I was a mere lad, he made use of me as an agent to raise the wind for him. It was thus: he had made up his mind to go to Epsom Races, and the only difficulty was to procure the money to take him there. This difficulty the fertility of his invention very soon removed. He had a half-brother, a Captain Mackenzie, who was in command of the *Zenobia* brig-of-war; the Captain had just returned from the Mediterranean, left the brig in the Downs, and come up to London to enjoy the pleasures of the season. Amongst other things which he had brought on shore with him were the ship's chronometers, which were of considerable value, and were deposited in Mr. Urquhart's house for security. (Qy.) It struck Mr. Urquhart that these instruments were totally useless in such a place as London, as far as regarded the object for which they were contrived; being a man who took little, indeed, "no note of time," either by

its loss or its preservation, and being quite aware "what o'clock it was" without the aid of mechanical contrivances, he resolved to render the chronometers subservient to his desire to go to Epsom. He requested me to take them to Rochfort, the pawnbroker, in Jermyn-street, St. James's, and raise upon their security the largest sum that the pawnbroker would advance. This I accordingly did, and Mr. Urquhart was furnished with ample means to make his appearance on the course. He was somewhat jocose upon the occasion. "If," said he, "the Admiralty should inquire what has become of their chronometers, I can tell them with truth that they are aboard the 'Rochfort Squadron.' And as to the Captain, the fewer 'observations' made on his present meridian, considering the hours he's keeping, the better for his morals and character."

The Captain was, however, in process of time, obliged to go again to sea, and Urquhart had to redeem the chronometers; this he fortunately accomplished without the Captain or the Admiralty having the slightest suspicion of where they had been doing duty during the temporary absence of the former from the Downs.

England, though a large cage for even a large bird, was not large enough for such an aspiring bird as

Urquhart to stretch his wings in, and accordingly he took his flight to the Continent, where he resided many years, making Calais his head-quarters, and at intervals honouring his native country with short visits. It was on one of these visits that he was lodged on "suspicion of debt" in the King's Bench Prison, in which place, the "suspicion" being unfortunately too well founded, he spent some weeks, and became the guest and associate of his old acquaintance Mr Mellor Hetherington.

The manner of his death was something tragical. He had been spending the evening with a party of friends at one of the large hotels at Calais, and returned home about midnight; he was perfectly sober, and in full possession of his faculties; unfortunately, the staircase which led to his bed-room was exceedingly steep, and the landing-place from which his door opened very narrow. He had just got to the door, when his foot tripped, and he fell backwards from the top to the bottom of the stairs; he was picked up senseless; medical aid was immediately procured, but it was unavailing; the base of the skull was fractured, and he who but a quarter of an hour before had been the animating principle of the party, was a corpse.

I will say a little more of this gentleman, because

his history in some degree involves the history of a man with whom both he and I were acquainted, and the fatal termination of whose career was the deserved reward of villany long practised with success, but ultimately overtaken by justice.

The man to whom I make allusion, Henry Fauntleroy, whose notorious forgeries and systematic villany have rescued his name from oblivion to make it the scorn and execration of the honest, was in his everyday life a heartless sensualist and a hypocritical coxcomb. His vanity was insatiable, and his self-love predominant over every feeling of mercy to others or forgiveness of imagined injuries. Offend his vanity, and you begot his implacable revenge. I will give an instance of this. In the year 1815, when everybody was hurrying to the Continent, and those who had money to spend, and a taste for spending it in the purchase of pictures and works of art, were lavish in their expenditure, Fauntleroy, who had, or thought he had, or affected to have, a taste for such things, and who also kept his eye upon the profits which might arise from speculating in such things, employed one Delcour (I knew the man, but length of time has partly obliterated my exactness of recollection as to his name), or one whose name was very like Delcour, to go to France and purchase for

him a collection of paintings, which Delcour had informed him were the property of a French general, by whom in various campaigns they had been obtained as part of the spoils and pillage of vanquished enemies. Delcour expatiated on the value of this collection, and of the profits which would accrue to any person who could afford to buy the pictures for the purpose of selling again in England. The vanity and the cupidity of Fauntleroy were at once awakened at the prospect of being considered a connoisseur, and of putting a large sum of money in his pocket. Delcour was supplied with money and the means of making the purchase, and despatched without delay to Paris. There he remained some time, and on his return to London placed in the possession of his employer what the latter considered the genuine collection of a military commander of high rank. The greater part of the collection was speedily disposed of, and a good profit made by the transaction; the remainder were reserved to decorate the walls of the large room in Berners-street in which the purchaser was accustomed to receive his guests. It may be mentioned by the way, that on the sideboard of this apartment were placed two marble busts, the one the effigy of the Emperor Napoleon I., the other the effigy of Mr. Fauntleroy, whose flatterers had persuaded him that he

bore a remarkable resemblance to the victor of Austerlitz, and whose good opinion of himself had caused him to adopt this expedient for proving the similarity. It was on the occasion of a visit from some great man, that, on directing the attention of the visitor to the paintings which decorated his walls, he learnt, to his dismay and smothered indignation, that his pictures, instead of having formed part of the collection of the French general, had been the property of him to whom he was about to explain their merits. He found that the great man knew a great deal more about them than he himself did, and it was with some difficulty that he restrained his rage till the great man departed. No sooner had he retired than he sent for Delcour, and reproached him in most unmeasured language for the cheat he had put upon him. In vain the poor fellow implored forgiveness, pleaded that the purchase of the pictures had been a most remunerative investment of his money, and that, in addition to the sums he had received, he had a collection of some twelve or fourteen paintings which were of considerable value and intrinsic merit.

Fauntleroy was inexorable; the scoundrel, who at the very time this affair took place revelled in the riches, which by his forgeries he had obtained from the clients of the banking-house, was reproaching a

man with dishonesty for a comparatively venial offence, and threatening that vengeance which he without delay inflicted.

Delcour at the time was in a good way of business as a picture-dealer in Rathbone-place, but he was unfortunately in the power of Fauntleroy. He owed him a considerable sum of money. Fauntleroy enforced payment by all the appliances of the law; in vain his own friends and those to whom Delcour was known implored mercy, and asked for time to pay the debt; he would listen to nothing. The man and his family were turned houseless and destitute into the street, his furniture and effects sold under an execution, and it was only by a subscription amongst some benevolent people that they were rescued from actual starvation or the tender mercies of a parish overseer.

The vanity of the man had been wounded, and vengeance was the only application by which the wound could be healed.

A friend of mine, engaged in a profitable business, but in which business the employment of a large capital was required, had banked at the house of Fauntleroy and his partners for several years, and had generally a good balance in their hands. He had, however, overdrawn his account about three hundred pounds. Mr. Fauntleroy pressed for an immediate

settlement of the account, and commenced law process to obtain it. The costs were considerable, but they and the money were paid. At this very time the uncle of the gentleman to whom I allude had a banking account with the firm, a rest of money amounting to two thousand pounds, which the rogue put into his own pocket, and the sum of twelve hundred pounds in Russian Bonds, secured in a sealed box, which he broke open, and also applied to his own purposes.

From what I know of the habits of life of this man, and the way in which he spent the money which he contrived to obtain by his crimes, I fully believe that his existence was a misery, and that nothing but the excitement of active business and of dissipation could allay the stings of conscience and the terrors of retribution. I do not mean for a moment to say that he repented of his practices, but that he repented having put himself into a position which might at any moment render him amenable to justice, I have no doubt was the case.

The contrition of a real penitent and the regrets of a trembling scoundrel are distinct sensations—

“This Virtue’s struggle in the heart denotes,
This Vice’s hints to men’s left ears and throats.”

I remember walking down Berners-street some months before the discovery of the forgeries which

led to his disgraceful death, in company with an officer in the army who was well acquainted with him. Colonel —— and I came suddenly upon Fauntleroy, who was walking before us, when the Colonel, tapping him good-naturedly but somewhat roughly on the shoulder, exclaimed, “Hilloa, old fellow, what are you thinking about?” He turned round, trembling like a man taken unawares in the perpetration of a crime, and his face, naturally without much colour, became deadly white. He stammered out some unintelligible sentence, after a time attempted a smile, and said, what I have no doubt was the truth, “You almost frightened me out of my senses.”

He was at his post in the banking-house early and late, and his assiduity and apparent attention to business was looked upon by everybody as an instance of remarkable devotion to the duties of his office, and as an example which it would be well for men of business to follow. The fact was, his fears of something occurring which might lead to his detection in his absence, compelled him to be almost constantly present during banking hours.

It was his custom to be always surrounded, after the banking-house was closed, with a set of companions who found it answer their purpose to attend

at his dinner-table, and partake of the other advantages which the society of a rich man is supposed to confer upon his protégés. Amongst this set of people was Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Wadd, a surgeon (who was unfortunately killed by jumping out of a carriage with which the horses had run away), Mr. Vernon, and several others whose names I must be excused from mentioning. These people were on Saturdays entertained by him at dinner, taken to the Opera House, and from thence trundled as fast as four horses could go in a barouche to Brighton, at which place he had a house and a concubine. Having recruited their strength by a few hours' slumber, and shown themselves on the Steyne, &c., they partook of his hospitality at dinner, and were wafted back to London with the same celerity with which they had left it, and he himself made his appearance in Berners-street some time before the hours of business.

He had also a "villa" at Hampton, on the banks of the Thames, at which he entertained select parties, the selection being made, not for the moral or respectable characteristics of the guests, but for their capacity for driving "away dull care," and for affording that sort of amusement which marks the connexion between dissipation and profligacy. Here all sorts of "games" were carried on, and one Mrs.

Bartram, known as "Mother Bang," was invited to add her powers of pleasing to the general stock of amusement. This lady had a very peculiar penchant to become intimately acquainted with everything belonging to one of the guests. The object of her solicitude and curiosity was not inclined to indulge her yearnings, and on retiring to bed took the precaution to secure the door of his chamber so as to prevent a surprise during the night. His precautions were futile. The master of the house and his companions sympathised with the lady.

In the years 1814 and 1815 Mr. Fauntleroy disposed of Bank of England stock, by forged powers of attorney, to the amount of £170,000. A prosecution was instituted by the Bank of England. At seven o'clock the doors leading to the court-house of the Old Bailey were beset. The jury being sworn, the clerk read the first indictment, which charged Henry Fauntleroy with forging a deed, with intent to defraud Frances Young of £5000 stock, and with forging a power of attorney, with intent to defraud the Bank. The Attorney-General, in his address to the jury, described the prisoner as the acting partner in the house of March and Co., Berners-street. Mr. Fauntleroy, the father of the prisoner, became a partner in the house at its establishment, and con-

tinued so till his death in 1807. At that period the prisoner was admitted into the concern, and became the most active member of it. In 1815, Frances Young, of Chichester, a customer of the house, lodged in their hands a power of attorney, to receive the dividends on £5450 three per cent. consols. The dividends were regularly received; but, soon after, another power of attorney, which authorized the prisoner to sell that stock, was presented to the Bank, and the sale was effected by him. To this power the prisoner had forged the names of Frances Young, and of two witnesses to it. But the most extraordinary part of the case was, that among the prisoner's private papers, contained in a tin box, there had been found one in which he acknowledged his guilt, and adduced a reason for his conduct. The Attorney-General then read the paper, which presented the following items:—De la Place, £11,150 three per cent. consols; E. W. Young, £5000 consols; General Young, £6000 consols; Frances Young, £5000 consols; H. Kelly, £6000 consols; Lady Nelson, £11,995 consols; Earl of Ossory, £7000 four per cents; W. Bowen, £9400 four per cents; Parkins, £4000 consols. Sums were also placed to the names of Mrs. Pelham, Lady Aboyne, W. R. and H. Fauntleroy, and Elizabeth Fauntleroy;

and the learned gentleman observed that all the sums were added together, and the sum total, £120,000, appeared at the foot of this list in the prisoner's hand-writing. The statement was followed by this declaration:—

“In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books. The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it.”

The Attorney-General then called his witnesses, who confirmed in every point his statement of the case.

The prisoner, on being asked what he had to say in his defence, read a paper, stating, that on his joining the firm in 1807, he found the concern deeply involved, in consequence of building speculations. The house remained in embarrassment until 1810, and then it experienced an overwhelming loss from the failure of Bickwood and Co., for which concern they had accepted and discounted bills to the amount of £170,000. In 1814, 1815, and 1816, the firm was called upon, in consequence of speculations in

building, to produce £100,000. In the year 1819, the most responsible of the partners died, and the embarrassments of the house were increased by being called upon to refund his capital. During all this time the house was without resources, except those for which he was now responsible. He received no relief from his partners. Two had overdrawn £100,000. He kept two establishments on a very moderate scale. He never embezzled one shilling."

Having finished reading the paper, he sat down and wept with much agitation.

Sir Charles Forbes, and fifteen other respectable witnesses, attested their high opinion of the prisoner's honour, integrity, and goodness of disposition.

The jury, after twenty minutes' consideration, returned a verdict, "Guilty of uttering."

Every exertion was used by Mr. Fauntleroy's counsel, his case having been twice argued before the judges; first, before Mr. Baron Garrow, at the Old Bailey, and afterwards before the twelve judges at Westminster, when both decisions were against him.

After the conclusion of the trial, the unfortunate and guilty culprit was conveyed back to Newgate in a state of mind such as may easily be conjectured from the mixture of vanity and cowardice by which the possessor of it was characterised. He was, how-

ever, still buoyed up by the hope that the interest which several of his acquaintance possessed in certain high quarters would be exerted in his behalf. Whether or not any of the exertions on which he relied were made I know not; I know that certain people had planned a method to effect his escape from prison, and from what I have heard from a quarter in which I can put reliance, his escape would have been accomplished had not the dastard timidity of his disposition prevented him from attempting it. He was urged to adopt the means which they suggested, and importuned to rely upon their representations as to its practicability. He objected to place himself in a situation in which he considered he was to run the risk of the smallest immediate personal peril, and though he was aware that he had a halter round his neck, which in a very short time would most effectually prevent all further calculation of comparative results, he preferred, after observing that if he were caught in the act of attempting his escape "his life would be the sacrifice," to await in helpless apathy (not resignation) the sentence of the law, to the chance of a bold and vigorous effort, by which he might have obtained security.

At eight o'clock the crowd assembled was immense. Not only did it extend in one compact mass

from Ludgate-hill to nearly the beginning of Smithfield, but Skinner-street, Newgate-street, Ludgate-hill, places from which it was impossible to catch a glimpse of the scaffold, were blocked up by persons who were prevented by the dense crowd before them from advancing further. Every window and house-roof which could command a view of the dreadful ceremony was likewise occupied. Without over-rating the number of persons assembled, they might be estimated at a hundred thousand. The crowd was equal to that which attended the execution of Thistlewood and his associates. At seven o'clock Messrs. Brown and Cope, the city marshals, advanced on horseback, and took up their station in the circle round the scaffold.

At a quarter before eight o'clock the sheriffs arrived at Newgate, and proceeded immediately to the prisoner's room. The prisoner gently bowed to them on perceiving that they were present, but made no observations. Besides the Ordinary of Newgate, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, there were the Rev. Mr. Springett, and Mr. Baker, with the prisoner. Mr. Springett had remained all night.

Mr. Fauntleroy was dressed in a black coat, waistcoat, and trousers, with silk stockings, and shoes. The demeanour of the unhappy man was perfectly

composed. His eyes continued closed, and no emotion was visible in his countenance. His appearance had undergone little or no change since the trial.

The sheriffs moved forward, and Mr. Springett and Mr. Baker each took hold of one of the prisoner's arms, and thus accompanied he followed the sheriffs and the ordinary. He never turned his head to the left or to the right till he reached the foot of the steps leading to the scaffold.

The moment he appeared, the vast multitude of spectators took off their hats. In less than two minutes after he ascended the scaffold everything was prepared for his execution. Mr. Cotton now placed himself before the prisoner, who stood with his face towards Ludgate-hill, and commenced reading the passage—"Yet, O Lord God Most Holy," &c., "deliver us not into the pains of eternal death,"—towards the conclusion of which words the trap-door fell.

From this sketch of what was to be met with within the walls and "Rules" of the King's Bench Prison, some estimate may be formed of the effects produced on those who were unfortunate enough to be subjected to such discipline and exposed to such example. The contamination was all but universal;

it was a question of degree only, as to its extent and virulence. All were more or less deteriorated by the pestilence. The prison was a huge conservatory for the cultivation of profligacy and the growth of vice.

The state of this gaol is thus described by Smollett, nearly a hundred years ago; it was much in the same state when first I recollect it, nearly forty years back.

“The prison of the King’s Bench is situated in St. George’s Fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster Bridge, and it appears like a neat little regular town, consisting of one street, surrounded by a very high wall, including an open piece of ground which may be termed a garden, where the prisoners take the air, and amuse themselves with a variety of diversions. Except the entrance, where the turnkeys keep watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a gaol, or bears the least colour of restraint. The street is crowded with passengers; tradesmen of all kinds here exercise their different professions; hawkers of all sorts are admitted to call and vend their wares as in any open street in London. There are butchers’ stands, chandlers’ shops, a surgery, a tap-house well frequented, and a public kitchen, in which provisions are dressed for all the prisoners gratis, at the expence of the publican. Here the voice of misery never complains; and, indeed, little

else is to be heard but the sounds of mirth and jollity. At the further end of the street, on the right hand, is a little paved court leading to a separate building, consisting of twelve large apartments, called state rooms, well furnished, and fitted up for the reception of the better sort of Crown prisoners; and on the other side of the street, facing a separate direction of ground, called the common side, is a range of rooms occupied by prisoners of the lowest order, who share the profits of a begging-box, and are maintained by this practice and some established funds of charity. We ought also to observe that the gaol is provided with a neat chapel, in which a clergyman, in consideration of a certain salary, performs divine service every Sunday.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Valpy—Dr. Mitford—Dr. Graham: his Celestial Bed—Dr. Mitford assists his efforts—Reading a Play at Three Mile Cross—Miss Mitford—Mr. Cathcart—Mr. Charles Fyshe Palmer, M.P.—Inconvenience of a Flood—Lady Madelina Palmer—The Wheel of Fortune—Mr. Jacob Newbery of Reading, Solicitor, &c. Colonel William Mayne—How to get rid of Bad Wine—Reckless Driving and its Consequences—A Night Adventure.

WHILST I was resident in Berkshire, I was a frequent visitor at the house of Dr. Valpy, at Reading. At the hospitable board of this gentleman, whose reputation as a schoolmaster is spread far and wide, and to whose learned labours in the cause of classical learning many thousand students are indebted for their proficiency and success, was to be met a very numerous and miscellaneous throng of company. The doctor was not merely a man of learning, he was also a man of the world. He had read many books, and he had read mankind. He was a favourable specimen of the clergy of the Church of England. Confirmed in his opinions without the obstinacy of a bigot: open to conviction without wavering in inde-

cision. His motives were defined, and his judgment uninfluenced by prejudice. Had he been more supple in his principles or less open in their avowal, he might have risen to the highest position in his sacred profession. A mitre might have been the reward of subserviency, and the revenues of a diocese the bribe of tergiversation and hypocrisy. He left to others such paths to preferment; contented with the hard earnings of a life of toil, and with the respect awarded by all honourable men, he lived in the enjoyment of an unblemished reputation and a clear conscience, and died regretted by every individual who had an opportunity of forming an estimate of his character.

Amongst the throng of company alluded to was to be met Dr. Mitford, the father of a lady, Miss Mitford, whose writings secured her a certain extent of celebrity, and the substantial reward of a pension from the Crown. The father, in the provincial circle in which he moved, gained a sort of reputation from the fame of his daughter. Some people imagined that the daughter had been assisted in her description of the characters with which her writings abounded, and in the composition of her tales, by her father. They could not comprehend how a lady could have acquired the knowledge therein displayed. I can

exonerate the lady from any charge of having passed off the contributions of her father as her own. Whatever she has sent forth into the world of literature she is entitled to claim as the result of her own talent. Dr. Mitford was little qualified to assist in literary labours. His habits and pursuits were in a direction the very opposite to the attainment or to the imparting of knowledge.

Nevertheless he had his virtues, and is worthy of having them recorded by one who knew him perfectly well, and had opportunities of estimating his worth

He was a north countryman, with a certain share of the shrewdness of the natives of the north of England. His natural faculties, such as they were, had been little improved by education, or if they had so been, the improvement was not very apparent. He was hasty, impetuous, noisy, and somewhat vulgar. If he were not out-blustered by his opponent, he would out-bluster him. In his capacity of chairman of the petty sessions, held on market days at Reading, his ignorance of the law was compensated by his experience of the people over whom his authority was exercised. His judgment was clear, and his strong common sense enabled him to discern at once between right and wrong. He was an efficient and

very useful magistrate, tempered his decisions with mercy, was friendly to the poorer sort of suitors, and gained the respect of his inferiors.

His external appearance was indicative of his moral and mental attributes. He was strongly built, and had an iron constitution. His physiognomy was fresh and open. He had a clear florid complexion and a bright eye. He was fond of coursing, of a rubber of whist, a good table, and good wine. Where he was best known he was most welcome. The heartiness of his manner gave an appearance of sincerity to his professions, and he passed current for a straightforward, freespoken, honest man.

He had been originally bred to the medical profession, and his title "doctor" was referrible to his presumed proficiency in therapeutical science. His reputation as a priest of Esculapius was certainly not great, and for many years he had relinquished the pursuit of all that related to physic. He had always been more a practical than a theoretical student of the mysteries of his craft, and when a young man had been employed by the notorious Dr. Graham to attend to the mud baths of his master, and render such assistance as was requisite to the ladies of rank and fashion who, not being in the way of those "who love their lords," sought curative consolation for

sterility in the remedial influences of the "celestial bed" of that most unblushing quack!

These facts Mitford was accustomed to relate, and he took no small credit to himself for the part he had performed in the course of the fertilizing process.

In the latter part of his life, having run through what may be called two fortunes, one acquired by marriage, and the other from a prize in the lottery, the number of which was said to have been revealed to his daughter in a vision, he took up his abode in a small cottage at Three Mile Cross, near Reading, in which unpretending residence he had the felicity to preserve his independence and to maintain the esteem of his friends unimpaired.

The celebrity of his daughter brought him into communion with many families in the neighbourhood, and the pursuits in which she was engaged, in some degree, induced new habits of life, and made him acquainted with various persons of whose existence he would otherwise have been in perfect ignorance.

Amongst these was a Mr. Cathcart, a country actor of some reputation, who being anxious to exhibit his talents before a London audience, obtained an introduction, or introduced himself, to Miss Mitford, with the view of securing her patronage and influence with the managers of metropolitan

theatres in furtherance of his ambition, Miss Mitford being supposed, in consequence of her dramatic writings, to have considerable power with that sort of people. It is a curious fact, and one that is not to be met with amongst any other *genus* of men and women than actors and actresses, that each individual considers himself or herself to be the best specimen of the species to which he or she belongs. Indeed this propensity to self-estimation is carried so far that the histrionic lady, or gentleman as it may happen, not only appropriates to herself or himself the highest rank in dramatic personification, but generally refuses to allow any merit whatever to others of the same profession.

Mr. Cathcart was to some extent a specimen of this kind of persons. He considered himself an actor of the first rank, and he had the address to persuade Miss Mitford to be of the same opinion. She took a great deal of pains to advance his interests, and at length he made his *débüt* in one of the principal parts of a play of Shakspeare's, in London.

Whether or not the gentleman had overrated his merits, or whether the dulness of the audience could not detect them, matters not: he failed to make a "hit," and having "strutted his hour upon the stage," and, perhaps, "fretted" many more when he left it, was

lost in the Lethe which consigns the unfortunate to oblivion. It was some little time previously to his appearance in London that, by way of testing his talents, he was invited to "Three Mile Cross," to give a sample of them, by reading the first part of the play of Henry IV.; Hotspur being the character in which it was anticipated his claims to excellence would be made manifest.

At the appointed time the reading of the play came off. The company invited to partake of the mental treat consisted of myself, on whose critical qualifications some confidence was reposed. I had, however, been previously instructed to abstain from interruption, and reserve the items of my criticism till the conclusion of the recitation.

Dr. Mitford, fully aware that a mere mental banquet, even of the best ingredients, is a thing very little appreciated in a rural district, and especially when a critic has to come ten miles across the country to enjoy it, very wisely arranged that a more substantial feast should precede the putative inducement to the journey. It happened that the day was one of the most sultry of a very sultry summer, and as the refectory of the cottage was too small to accommodate the quartette, allow for the expected gesticulations of the principal person present, and prevent the danger of

suffocation from the heat of the atmosphere and the steam of the viands, the dinner was served in a sort of outhouse, used as a conservatory for flowers, but, unfortunately, from its propinquity to a farm-yard, redolent of odours unmistakeably distinct from those which flowers diffuse. The fare was more substantial than elegant; the *pièce de résistance* consisting of a boiled leg of mutton, and the delicacies of a roast pig. These, with vegetables "to match," with kindred pudding having been dispatched, the cloth was cleared away, and what is termed the "business of the meeting" commenced.

Mr. Cathcart being furnished with the play-book proceeded with "emphasis and good discretion" for some time, the doctor and I nodding approbation at intervals, and at intervals endeavouring to allay our thirst from the decanters placed before us. In this operation the doctor made a progress, which, combining with the warmth of the apartment, and other tendencies, very shortly divested him of the faculty of estimating the performance; and by the time that the reader had arrived at the scene in which the monarch reproaches the "all famed knight" for his conduct at Holmedown, his nose proclaimed, with most provoking snort, that he was no longer an auditor.

The reading and the accompaniment rendered the whole scene so ridiculous that it was a trying strain upon politeness to smother the propensity to laughter: thus—

King. “Send us your prisoners, &c., or you’ll hear of it.”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort the first.)

Hotspur. “Speak of Mortimer.”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Hotspur. “Zounds!”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Worcester. “Peace, Cousin.”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Hotspur. “But I will find him when he lies asleep—”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Hotspur. “I’ll have a starling that shall be taught—”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Hotspur. “I’ll have him poisoned with a pot of ale.”

(*Dr. Mitford*—Snort repeated.)

Worcester. “I will talk to you

When you are better tempered to attend.”

At this passage the Doctor, as if a joke had been preconcerted, emitted a sound which had the effect of startling its perpetrator from the impropriety of his interruptions, and for a time the “reading” ceased.

The Doctor having apologized, the actor resumed, and after a tedious hour or two the play was finished.

I escaped out of the premises, "registering a vow" that nothing should ever induce me again to undergo such penance and infliction.

Another very constant visitor at Dr. Valpy's was Charles Fyshe Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Reading, and joint representative of the borough with Monk, two senators, who from their habit of accompanying each other to their places in Parliament, and sitting like a pair of love birds on their perch, in perpetual juxtaposition, obtained the titles of the Gog and Magog of the House. Mr. Palmer, who in his younger days had been rather "fast," settled down when he became older as a country squire, contracted his expenses, let his "Great House," Luckley, and betook himself to a smaller residence near Wokingham, called East Court. The house was originally of very limited dimensions, but the ingenuity of the proprietor contrived, at small expense, to enlarge and render it tolerably commodious. To effect this he erected a sort of wooden cradle, or framework of rough battens, and having constructed this frame to the proposed shape he went to work in the preparation of clay and road sand, which having pounded into a mass he rammed between the battens. The sun and the wind

soon hardened the composition, which formed the walls of the new apartments, and by this means an inconvenient small house was converted into one of considerable size and of some pretensions.

Mr. Palmer then went to work to procure windows, doors, &c., at the cheapest rate, and secured his object by ransacking all the old depôts of such things which he could discover. The result of all this ingenious thrift was the completion of the place of his abode in a very short space of time, and at the smallest expense. The whole was then plastered and whitewashed, furnished with antique odds and ends, incongruous in appearance, but of such utilitarian convenience as is rarely to be met with in many regularly appointed residences.

It was in this house that many respectable people met together, and much good humour and conviviality prevailed.

The proprietor himself was a man of remarkable appearance; in height about six feet three, upright as a pike, and by no means overburdened with flesh or fat; his limbs, loosely joined together, were without elegance or muscular development; his features relieved from insipidity by positive ugliness; his costume, that of a man of fashion of bygone days, but smart and well appointed; his manners were

those of a gentleman of the old school, and he rarely failed, in spite of the peculiarities of his figure and physiognomy, to captivate by the amenity of his address and the politeness of his attentions.

He had in his earlier days been in Paris during the horrors of the French Revolution, and by some means or other been mistaken by the mob for another person. Who the other person could have been, those who knew Mr. Palmer could scarcely imagine—"none but himself could be his parallel." The "other" person was, however, fortunately for him, discovered; he escaped at the moment of his intended immolation from the inconvenience of mistaken identity.

He used to relate an anecdote, as of one of his friends, which some people thought belonged exclusively to himself.

His house was in the neighbourhood of Eversley Blackwater, in a part of the country subject to floods, by which, in the course of a very few hours by the rush of water in rainy weather, the whole country would be inundated, and rendered inconvenient if not dangerous for travelling. He, or his friend, had been invited to dine at a party somewhere in this neighbourhood, and had set out to walk to the house of the *Amphitryon*: he knew "the waters were out," but he had not calculated upon their depth. After

some time he found himself in a manner isolated, the tributary streams increasing the flood every minute. In this dilemma, foreseeing he should have to wade through a deluge of, at some points, three or four feet deep, to gain a causeway of dry land, he divested himself of his clothes, which he tied in a bundle and placed on his head, and plunging boldly into the element waded like a heron, or huge aquatic bird, through the rising torrent.

He accomplished his object without accident, and rose from the waves, in resemblance to Venus in nothing but her nudity, on the high road which extended across the swamp.

At the moment of his gaining *terra firma*, and before he had time to "sacrifice to the graces" by investing himself in his habiliments, a carriage passed him, taking the road he was about to take. The reader may be sure that he lost no time in "making his toilet;" he had some dread of more passengers being on the road, and was aware he was not in the most appropriate state for presentation.

Having at length arrived at the place of his destination he was announced in the usual manner, and entered a drawing-room filled with company. The subject of conversation was, of course, the sudden flooding of the country, and the perils which had been

escaped. It was obvious, from a suppressed titter on the part of the ladies, that the mode he had adopted to escape those perils was known, and in the course of the evening the fact was communicated from one to another, till he found himself in the uncomfortable popularity of being the "observed of all observers," from the master and mistress of the house to the servants and lackeys in attendance.

Mr. Palmer had mixed a great deal in good society; had been on intimate terms with a certain section of the nobility; had, as he was accustomed to relate, devoured apple pudding at Lord Jersey's (who had so perfect a penchant for that sort of edible as to have one on his table three hundred and sixty-five days in every year of his life); and had, as his fortune diminished and his age increased, taken unto himself a legal female partner, Lady Madelina Sinclair, widow of a gallant commander, and daughter of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon. This marriage was a happy one for both parties concerned; it secured to her ladyship a provision and a protector, and it gave the gentleman an advanced position in aristocratic caste, which he had the good sense neither to boast of nor repudiate. Her ladyship was a very amiable, unaffected, and well-informed person; she had, from the circumstances of her rank and connexions, seen

a great deal: and from her keen observation, seen that great deal to advantage. She was equally calculated to adorn a ducal drawing-room or make happy the parlour of a country squire. She made happy the abode of her husband, and it would be most ungrateful for one who has spent many pleasant hours in their society, not to record his evidence of the just estimation which her husband entertained of her merits, and of the happiness with which their union was attended. Her ladyship knew the world more thoroughly than most persons, especially females of her rank; she could make allowances for what would have given offence to ladies of less experience. She had met all the wits and scholars of the time; had listened, perhaps without being much enlightened, to the "table talk" of Dr. Parr and Horne Tooke, purposely invited to the board to worry each other for the amusement of the company. She had heard all that the vituperative whiggery of Perry, the proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," could blurt with obtrusive vulgarity into the faces of the guests; had listened to the roaring of a real lion in Theodore Hook, without being alarmed at the noise; had seen the Brothers Smith condescend to open their mouths for better things than the tables of the nobility afford; and had used her own good sense in estimating the

real value of a host of pretenders of all sorts. Altogether, she was a superior woman, and one of the best specimens of a class which it is hoped is not yet extinct.

But to proceed.

A visitor at East Court was Mr. Samuel Whitbread, son of the well-known representative for Bedford, and brewer of porter for the public. If this gentleman did not inherit all the talent of his father, he inherited, what many people would think of more consequence, his fortune, "the plant," or part of it. The wheel of fortune is constantly going round, its gyrations depress some and exalt others, ladies and gentlemen, men and women, "persons," as the term is, are equally obnoxious to the rotation, and amongst those persons was the first wife of the son of the celebrated concoctor of malt. This lady had captivated the heart and secured the hand of her husband during his *status pupillaris* in the University of Cambridge, in which academic abode she exercised the humble but useful office of assistant to a "Gyp" or college servant, one Mr. Swann, whose niece she was, and whose collegiate services were confined to Trinity Hall. The name of this young lady or young woman was Judith Pigott. She was in personal appearance and in manners very far above her situa-

tion, and, what was not a very easy task for a young female of good looks in such a place as Cambridge, she preserved and deserved a most unblemished reputation. That she made her husband an exemplary wife is admitted by those most capable of estimating her conduct, and her name is only introduced in these pages from the fact that he who writes them having lost sight of her for many years, and seen her, as he supposed, for the last time, in the duties of her then humble calling, met her in the society of the "great ones of this world," considerably deteriorated in personal attractions, though certainly exalted in worldly rank, and surrounded by the attractions of worldly splendour.

The late lamented Mr. Justice Talfourd was an occasional guest at East Court, but was more frequently to be met with at Dr. Valpy's; he had been a pupil of that respected man, and was deservedly a favourite pupil. The perception of the master very soon discerned the merit of the pupil. The Doctor was a great cultivator of dramatic literature. He had, when a youth, so great a predilection for the stage, that he actually contemplated adopting the profession of an actor, and in that contemplation knocked at the door of Garrick, then living on the Adelphi-terrace, with the intention of obtaining an

engagement from the modern Roscius for his appearance on the stage. Fortunately for the cause of literature and for himself, the Doctor's heart failed him whilst his hand was on the knocker, and he retreated in time. The world may have had many better actors, but it is not very clear it would have had a better instructor in classic learning than this preceptor.

The custom of performing plays at the school at Reading, and the pains which Valpy took to drill his juvenile performers in their parts, most probably influenced the innate sympathies of the author of "Ion," and to this kindred feeling of the "Doctor and Student" may be traced the source from which the public have derived so much enjoyment and so much instruction.

The authoress of "Our Village" has laid down the *venue* of her tale in the town of Reading. Her talent has preserved the recollections of the vapid "nobodies" who figured in that dull locality. Feminine forbearance and pardonable partiality have also had some hand in painting the portraits. Let us see what the strictness of literary daguerreotype will produce.

In Friar-street, Reading, flourished, some thirty years ago, one Jacob Newberry, an "eminent soli-

citor." Mr. Newberry was a better lawyer than most persons of his class. In his day the science of the law was more intricate than now it is. Those who throve by its intricacy were not very forward to furnish a clue to the labyrinth in which they reigned as minotaurs, and devoured the victims involved in the entanglement. In those days, as now, it was necessary for a solicitor in a country town to be more conversant with the principles and practice of the law than it is for a London practitioner. A London solicitor, nine times out of ten, has no necessity whatever to know anything beyond what a single volume of technical practice and a sheet of printed forms will teach him, and nine times of ten, he does know nothing more. He can consult counsel at half-an-hour's notice, or obtain from the plodding industry of a special pleader whatever is requisite for his purpose: but in the country those "higher branches" of the profession are not to be found. The solicitor must depend on his own knowledge, or write for information to his town agent, who will of course expect to participate in the payments of the client, and so far reduce the profits of the rural principal.

Moreover, there are many points in country practice which require a ready decision, and admit of neither delay nor hesitation.

With the knowledge necessary for such contingencies Mr. Newberry was furnished, and being a man of experience and natural acuteness, he continued to make a large income, and to persuade his neighbours that he was a man of greater substance than he was in fact. He was little beloved; indeed, few lawyers are; respected to a certain extent, and feared to a much greater.

Then, as now, the farmers on market days were shy of paying a lawyer a visit till they had refreshed their courage by a hearty dinner at the ordinary, and by copious potations of something stronger than water. He was aware of the terror he inspired, and made it subservient to his interests. He took no undue advantage of the timidity of his clients, but he secured thereby a power which was perhaps exercised for their advantage, and made him oracular and them obedient.

At the house of this gentleman, at the hour of five P.M. on market days, were met together a little knot of people who found it more convenient to eat and drink at a private table than at the table of a public inn. Some of these were clients, some persons graduating to that rank, and some the "dummies" of the feast, whose presence was intended to confer respectability, and give an appearance of business.

Of this little knot was Colonel Mayne, known by some people as "Billy" Mayne, "General Mayne," &c. This gallant officer had been in the Life Guards, distinguished himself in various ways in the Peninsular campaigns, held a command in the Lusitanian Legion, &c. He boasted his descent from Mayne the regicide; received his education at Westminster School; married one of the "poor" Miss Taylors, sister to the "rich" Miss Taylor, the wife of Mr. Watson Taylor; sold out of the army, and for a time took up his residence at Boulney Court, near Henley, in Oxfordshire. Here he "carried on the war" in his own way, and was accustomed to invite a good many people to partake of his hospitality. His means not being equal to the necessary expense of such a household as he maintained, he was obliged to have recourse to all manner of expedients. His financial arrangements were the most simple in the world; his system began and ended in "loans," and the only difficulty he experienced in carrying it out was that of finding persons from whom to borrow.

He did find many such persons, and with their assistance was enabled for a considerable time to preserve his position and lead a merry life.

He was a man of great taste in horses and carriages, the arrangements of a house, and the *mise en*

scène of a dinner-table. On one occasion, at a dinner at Boulney at which about four-and-twenty guests were assembled, he adopted an original mode of getting rid of some execrable wine, and obtaining at the same time the admiration of the company for his knowledge of the most *recherché* products of the vineyard.

The wine was in long interesting-looking bottles, long corks (indeed "long corks" and "long credit" was a maxim he often repeated and often put into practice) secured with rosin and wax, gave an idea of excellence, and prepared the guests for an expected treat. A dozen of this fluid was placed in ice, and reduced to a degree considerably below temperate. The cook was instructed to put plenty of cayenne in the soup, and acted in obedience to orders. The heat of the weather co-operated in the success of the stratagem. The experienced eye of the Colonel perceived the critical moment for action, and as the perspiration began to trickle down the foreheads of his friends, proposed the restoring influence of some splendid *Château Justerini!* which he had purposely reserved for their tasting. The servants forthwith uncorked the bottles; "set Bacchus," or that which "assumed the god," "from his glassy prison free;" the ladies and gentlemen, refreshed and renovated by

the coldness of the beverage, were unanimous in their praises of the wine, and if what medical men term "secondary symptoms" thereafter arose, had no notion they were the consequences of the poisonous compound of which they had partaken.

The Colonel stood in some degree in awe of his wife: he had good reason to do so. The means of carrying out the pleasures in which he delighted arose from an income settled upon herself, and, moreover, she was a lady of good sense and decisive judgment, and wisely tempered his eccentricities by exercising a veto on many propositions. They lived happily, and brought up a large family in respectability.

The Colonel would, however, occasionally transgress the dignity of the *Paterfamilias*, and forget the number of years which had passed over his head. Thus having one day partaken of such hospitality as I could afford him, at a house just out of Reading, on the road to Pangbourne, in Berkshire, and drunk a very considerable quantity of port wine, he began to surmise, about the hour of midnight, that as he had ten miles to go before he could reach home, the time for his departure had arrived. He had a phaeton and a pair of good ponies to convey him along the road, and a "tiger" to attend to the equipage. It

was proposed that a gentleman who had been one of the party should accompany him to Boulney Court. The phaeton was immediately at the gate; the Colonel, his new acquaintance, and the "tiger," took their seats, and away went the whole with a somewhat alarming celerity.

The horses crossed Caversham Bridge at an almost railroad pace, cheered by the voice of the driver, and stimulated to exertion by the application of the lash. At this point the road became more narrow and the night more dark; and by the time they had made good their way into Oxfordshire a couple of miles, by some mischance or other the carriage, and all connected therewith, were precipitated into a pond of considerable size and depth.

The "tiger" being the most active of the three bipeds, succeeded in keeping the heads of the quadrupeds above water, and in ultimately extricating them from their perilous situation. The Colonel and his friend, drenched to their skins, and covered with duck-weed, scrambled ashore as well as they could, and seeing a light in the window of a house at some distance from the scene of the catastrophe, the whole party crossed a field to obtain assistance.

As they approached, the sounds of revelry within the dreary edifice broke on their ears, and for a time

rendered their application for admittance inaudible. The door was at length opened, and in a large ill-furnished room was to be seen a mixed company of many persons of both sexes, of rude, ragged, grotesque, and strange appearance. The "master of the revels," a profligate drunkard, was wasting the remnant of his ill-spent fortune in the entertainment of this motley group of poachers, trampers, strolling actors, &c., all of whom indiscriminately partook of his bounty and shared his confidence.

The arrival of the strangers was hailed with acclamation. The exigencies of their situation were attended to; they were supplied with such dry garments as were at hand, and the dram-bottle recommended to their attention.

In the mean time a deputation of the company proceeded to the pond, and shortly after returned with the intelligence that the fragments of the broken phaeton were safely landed, and that the colonel's wig, which had fallen from his head in his struggles, had been recovered. The horses were then attended to, and everything done which, under the circumstances, could be done, to restore the *status ante* as completely as possible. Finally, a trusty messenger was sent to Boulney Court, to explain to the lady of the house that her husband had been detained at my

residence in Berkshire, but would return in the course of the following day.

He did return according to promise, and accounted for the absence of the phaeton and his squalid appearance with more ingenuity of invention than adherence to fact. His explanation was, however, unnecessary; the "trusty" messenger, although enjoined to secrecy, had, as is almost invariably the case in such circumstances, "reported progress," or rather the want of it, with sundry exaggerations, to the servants, by whom the whole story had been forthwith communicated to Mrs. Mayne.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bridge of Trajan at Alcantara destroyed—The Esculapius of Reading—Lord and Lady Sidmouth—Lord Stowell—Pursuits of Literature—Adventure of a Gentleman in Search of a Dinner—Mrs. Storer—The Diversions of Purley—A Print Collector—Mr. Benyon de Beauvoir—Mr. Tyssen—How to avoid taking Cold—Mr. Hort—A Modern Money-lender—Mistaken Mythology—Funeral of George III.—Narrow Escape from a Pistol-shot—A Frantic Gambler—Narrow Escape from being Drowned.

It was said above, that Colonel Mayne had a command in the Peninsular war, and distinguished himself in various ways during the campaigns. It is not necessary to narrate his valorous exploits,

“The battles, sieges, fortunes *he had* pass’d,”

and I have just described one

“—— of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth ’scapes,” &c.,

but it will be as well to mention an incident in his career, as it involves the account of the loss of a remarkable vestige of antiquity, which unfortunately cannot be redeemed.

Being in command of a detachment of the army,

he was despatched by the Duke, then Lord Wellington, to perform certain services which required a man of energy and address. In his interview with the Commander-in-chief previously to his setting out on his expedition, his lordship, after giving his orders, observed, "You are going into a place which abounds with some of the most splendid remains of Roman greatness; be very careful how you meddle with these most interesting remains. There are many matchless specimens of architectural beauty, which it would be barbarous unnecessarily to injure or destroy. Be very careful in this respect; you are a man of education and taste, and can estimate the feeling with which I regard such things. I give you a discretionary power in this matter, because I think you will exercise it properly."

The Colonel protested his kindred sympathy in the feeling of the great man, and having promised to pay the closest attention to his commands, retired.

Shortly after, he commenced operations, and the Duke received intelligence of his proceedings which made him rejoice in his selection of so fit a man to carry his wishes into effect. But unfortunately this state of things was doomed to be of short duration. It was at Alcantara that the Bridge of Trajan once crossed the river Tagus, and it was there that what

remained of it, either from a misapprehension of the Colonel, or from some cause which demanded its destruction, was doomed to perish for ever! However this may be, his Grace was one morning horrified by intelligence conveyed in a despatch from the Colonel, which, after stating various other matters, concluded in something like the following announcement—

“I have succeeded most completely in blowing up the old Roman bridge which had stood here nearly eighteen centuries, and so ends Trajan and his mighty work.”

It need not be said that discretionary power, in relation to the curiosities of architecture, was in future withdrawn from the Colonel.

The Esculapius of Reading, for nearly half a century, was one Mr. Bulley, one of whose sons still practises the art of healing in that town, and held the appointment of surgeon to the county jail; another has recently been elected president of Magdalen College, Oxford. Mr. Bulley was a constant “diner out;” indeed, so constant was he in that respect, that it may be doubted whether he ever, except on very rare occasions, placed his legs “under his own mahogany.” He was a practitioner of the old school. He was always a welcome guest; and if, in his medical

practice, he achieved nothing very astonishing in the way of cure, he avoided doing anything that put the lives of his patients in jeopardy. He might be seen every day in the week, driving a one-horse chaise, going the rounds of his labours, calling at the respective houses of his employers with the regularity of the butcher or the baker. He was much patronized by Lord Sidmouth and Lord Stowell (the former of which venerable nobles, being himself descended from a medical practitioner in Reading, had a sort of affinity for everything that smelt of rhubarb and magnesia), who jointly occupied a house in the neighbourhood, and was appointed practitioner in ordinary to the establishment. He carried the news of the neighbourhood to those great men, and retailed the gossip of the smaller people. He was something of a wit, and a little of a cynic; but as his wit was not very sparkling, nor his snarl very fierce, he managed to acquire the respect of a large circle of friends and acquaintance.

He was one day accompanying the noblemen just mentioned, and the wife of the first named of them, in a stroll round the grounds of the house in which they resided. About that time these aged philanthropists had taken great interest in the diffusion of knowledge amongst the rural population of the village;

a sort of school for ploughmen, cow-boys, hedgers, ditchers, carters, and others of neglected education, had been opened, in which the adults as well as children were instructed; the old as well as the young idea was taught to shoot. Amongst the adult class of pupils at this indiscriminate academy was an old fellow of seventy, whose zeal for learning outran his power of acquisition. His talent was imitation, in the cultivation of which faculty he employed his leisure time in taking copies of that species of calligraphy of which the originals are to be met with on walls and palings. He had no conception of the meaning of the ideas which the written characters expressed. The lady, the noble lords, and the medical attendant, happened in the course of the promenade to fall in with the ambitious student; her ladyship, with her accustomed affability, addressed him with an inquiry how he got on with his writing? Being a man of few words, he concluded the shortest answer to the inquiry would be a specimen of his proficiency in his studies; so taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he scratched deliberately on the park paling a correct copy of what he had seen written by some other writer in another place. It is unnecessary to state, that the phonetic transcript being better understood by the spectators than by the artist,

he was never in future requested to develop his acquisitions.

Mr. Bulley used to tell a story of a man, whose attendance at the dinner-tables of his neighbours was as assiduous and regular as his own. Indeed, the story so aptly fitted the narrator that most of his friends considered him the hero of his own tale.

“Mutato nomine, de te, fabula narratur.”

This person called one morning at the house of an acquaintance who had repeatedly performed Amphitryon to his Sosia. He was pressed to dine with the family with more than usual importunity, and being “nothing loth,” accepted the invitation for six o’clock. Having retired, he called at the next-door neighbour’s to his friend, whose hall he had scarcely got into when his instinctive perceptions informed him of the pleasing fact that a haunch of venison was about to be dressed for dinner. His resolution was immediately taken. With his accustomed suavity, he invited himself to dine at the house he had last entered, and he sent a polite apology to the first inviter for being obliged to decline the acceptance of his hospitality that day. He then walked forth in pleasurable contemplation of his coming joys. Punctual to a minute at the dinner table, he awaited with some anxiety the entrance of

the haunch; refrained from fish and such like preliminary skirmishing as, under other circumstances, would have engaged his attention. The time for action was arrived; the servant placed on the board the remains of a cold round of beef, of which the master invited his guest to partake.

“Thank you,” said he, “I’ll wait for the venison, of which the fragrant steams a few minutes ago delighted my senses.”

“Dear me, sir!” exclaimed several voices at the same moment, “don’t you know that our next-door neighbour has a party to-day to dinner? He has provided so many good things for the entertainment of his friends, that his own kitchen is too small to have them all cooked at home, and we have lent him ours for roasting the haunch of venison, which has just been carried away to his house.”

The explanation for a moment bewildered the expectant. His head felt as empty as his stomach; he recovered, made a desperate effort to laugh at his disappointment, and to force a few mouthfuls of the detested cold beef down his throat. The attempt failed; his jocularities and his appetite fled simultaneously, and he very shortly afterwards imitated their example by concluding his visit and hurrying home.

The story soon got wind, and he got laughed at and quizzed.

About four miles from Reading, on the road to Pangbourne, (in which village, by the bye, lived and died the veteran dramatist, Morton, with whom I was acquainted, and in whose society, both in London and in the country, I had passed many agreeable hours), stands a large square stone building, on the summit of a rising ground overlooking the Thames. This building, and the grounds by which it is surrounded, are called Purley. In size and pretension of appearance, it far surpasses the place of the same name in Surrey, in which Horne Tooke resided; in most other respects, the abode of the philologist is to be preferred to its more stately namesake. The "Diversions" of the smaller Purley were of a totally different class from the pastimes of the larger, and as the characters of the respective inmates of each place were distinct, so were their pursuits.

The house near Pangbourne, which in some sort resembles a lunatic asylum or a mill, was built by the well-known Storer, the book and print collector. I say the well-known Storer, because, in the exertion of his predilection for collecting prints, he was so well known, that though unbounded trust was placed in his taste and judgment, the knowledge which

people had acquired of his habits rendered them somewhat cautious of the peculiarities he was said to indulge in increasing his collection of rarities.

This indefatigable collector, in the course of his labours, got together an almost miraculous number of rare and valuable portraits, and with them illustrated the Rev. Mr. Grainger's Biographical History of England. The original work was printed in four quarto volumes; the illustrated copy is known as "Storer's Grainger;" it consists of many volumes, and is now in the library at Eton College, to which the collector bequeathed it, with many other volumes, and where, with many other learned works and learned people, it reposes in almost unbroken slumber. The duplicates of the library of Storer, with the estate of Purley, came into the possession of his brother, and were, when I visited the house, under the guardianship of the brother's widow, who exercised a sort of regency during the minority of her son and daughters.

The widow was a Jamaica creole, an aristocrat of that class which, in the palmy days of West Indian planters, the proceeds of rum puncheons and brown sugar could sublimate into gentility. She was a woman of the most restless activity. She never appeared to be happy when not employed in pursuits which would

have exhausted the strength and paralysed the faculties of half the ladies and gentlemen of the county. She was up and on horseback by five o'clock in the morning; after galloping over the estate, directing the operations of ploughmen, haymakers, and pastorals, she returned to breakfast, a repast which was despatched with a celerity in accordance with the golden rules of King Charles. She then made some slight alterations in her costume, ascended a phaeton, and drove into Reading to pay visits, make purchases, and call on her lawyer and banker. With these two last functionaries she was, from the violence of her temper and the extravagance of her habits, in perpetual contact. She then returned, wrote letters, and sent them off to the post; held a sort of court of inquiry into all the domestic arrangements of the establishment, and went to dinner. The duration of this meal was in conformity with that of the breakfast. The rapidity of deglutition was only interrupted by a running censure of the cook and the servants, which censure, as the meal proceeded, germinated with equal rapidity into vulgar vituperation and abuse.

The early habits of the lady, and the way in which she had been accustomed to tyrannize over the "niggers" in her native country, had by no means improved her method of enforcing obedience to her

commands over the domestics of her adopted one. She was continually subjected to that sort of opposition from this class of persons which is called "giving your opponent as good as he sends," and the consequence was a perpetual altercation, and a continuous celerity of change in the *employés*.

One exception to uniformity of arrivals and departures was the butler, a tall, well-shaped, and keen-witted negro. This man, having been originally a slave in Jamaica, and consequently accustomed to something more penetrating than the verbal logic of his mistress when her commands were not executed as she directed, and knowing that in this country her power was diminished, set her expostulations at defiance, and having a proper estimate of her temper, contrived amidst a continual clatter of wordy war to retain his situation, and do very much as he pleased. I remember his being on one occasion in a state which was conclusive evidence of his devotion to the bottle. The lady was in a moment aware of his infraction of the strict rule of sobriety which she had endeavoured to establish in the family.

"Fellow," said she, "I thought I had warned you before not to get drunk; did not I tell you I would never trust you with the rum bottle?"

"Yes, missis," stammered the negro; "you said

you would never trust me with the rum bottle again, so I trusted myself with it, and took a much longer suck than I ever got out of you."

Scenes of this sort were of perpetual occurrence, and the establishment was in what may be termed a state of transit and revolution.

The energies of Mrs. Storer not being in the right direction, and governed neither by judgment nor prudence, involved her in perpetual perplexities. As the rents and profits of West Indian property decreased, her means but not her expenses decreased commensurably. She was always in "difficulties" and always devising means of extrication, not only from present necessities, but of procuring money for future expenditure. Few West Indians in former days had any idea of "making both ends meet," by "cutting the coat according to the cloth;" on the contrary, they went on cutting away till all the cloth was used up, and the coat a most miserable curtailment of rags and patches. She was not an exception to the extravagance of her countrywomen, and was exposed to the usual mortifications of such people.

She was, however, a woman of wit, and knew how to turn the laugh from herself, as the following anecdote will show:—

At Englefield, in the neighbourhood of Purley,

lived Benyon de Beauvoir, Esq., a man of vast wealth, penurious disposition, and retired habits. Mrs. Storer had some acquaintance with this old gentleman, and she surmised it would be to her interest to increase it. She accordingly applied to him for a loan of a couple of hundred pounds for a week or two. The old man, horrified at such an application, was for some time in a state of great mental agony. He at last mustered up courage not to lend the money, but to write to her a polite assurance of his profound esteem and veneration, and at the same time of his regret, that his poverty and not his will prevented his compliance with her request. The world, he said, had made a false estimate of his wealth, judging him to have means at his command, when, on the contrary, his circumstances were much narrower than the sympathies of his benevolence. He should have felt the greatest pleasure in accommodating a friend with two hundred pounds, if it had been in his power, &c. &c.

It so happened, that almost the same post which brought the letter of Benyon de Beauvoir containing his refusal to lend the money, brought also another letter from the agent of Mrs. Storer, advising her that he had received a large sum from Jamaica on her account, and requesting to be informed in what way

he was to make use of it. This last communication was most opportune. Having replied to it, she took up her pen again without a moment's delay, wrote a letter of condolence on his poverty to Mr. Benyon de Beauvoir, informed him that though she herself was far from rich, she was fortunately in a situation to alleviate any wants that might press upon him; she would be most happy to lend him a couple of hundred pounds, for which he might immediately draw upon her agent, and advising him, whilst his reputation for riches was still high, to arrange his affairs as best he could, and not suffer himself to be bullied by creditors, or exposed to insults which she would do all she could to prevent.

How the old gentleman received the communication I cannot say. The lady took every opportunity of publishing her correspondence, much to her own satisfaction and to his annoyance.

Benyon de Beauvoir was one of those men who, like the hog, are said to be of no use whilst living, and for whose death those who expect to benefit by their wealth are looking in pleasurable anticipation. He derived a great portion of his wealth from the will of an old clergyman, whose name he attached to his own, and he derived a very considerable estate by inheritance. I never heard of one single act of

benevolence that he ever performed during his long life; whether it was that he performed no act of benevolence, or whether it was that he rigidly adhered to the Scripture rule of not letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing, and was so secret in his good deeds that people formed a false estimate of his character. A part of the original wealth which he derived from his ancestors consisted in New River shares, of a large number of which he was the fortunate possessor. I was acquainted with one of his guardians or trustees, a Mr. Tyssen, a descendant of the notorious miser Tyssen, who amassed an enormous heap of money by the most rigid parsimony, and the most detestable and dirty practices of scraping together and hoarding whatsoever was of the smallest appreciable value, and to whom, in his last illness, when endeavouring to extort the advice of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe without paying the fee for the prescription, the physician said, "I advise you to put your house in order without delay, for Death and the Devil are waiting for one Tyssen of Hackney, who is attempting to cheat me out of a guinea, under pretence of being a pauper, and who has not much leisure left in this world to prepare for his journey to a place where he has been expected for some time."

The descendant from one miser, and the trustee for another, I am bound to say, had nothing miserly in his own composition. He was, indeed, a man of extravagant habits, and lavish in the use of money, without ever obtaining or appearing anxious to obtain money's worth from any of his disbursements. He was eccentric and capricious; indeed, some of his arrangements would justify the notion that his wits were too little to be entrusted with the large income—about sixteen thousand a-year—of which he had the control. He had a great horror of taking cold, and no doubt his antipathy to cold was correct and natural. The manner in which he endeavoured to obviate the inconveniences arising from it were certainly more original than delicate. Whenever he came up to London from his country seat, instead of going to a hotel, he was accustomed to sleep at one of those establishments which come under the category of “a house of ill-fame;” because, as he observed, it was only in a house of that kind that a gentleman could be certain that the beds were well-aired. When I knew this gentleman, he still adopted this provident disposal of his person, and I may assert that his moral character at that time was not in any danger from suffering from the practice, though I would advise most other gentlemen, both old and young, to abstain

from an imitation of it, which in their cases might be liable to ill-natured misconstruction.

A friend and very constant companion of this original, was another original of a different sort, but still so distinct in his behaviour, his pursuits, and his habits, as to be a perfect anomaly from the rest of the world.

This was one Mr. Jonathan Hort. He was descended from an Israelitish stock, and though amongst the chosen people not recognised as one of the strict depositaries of the Law, was occasionally received and treated as a lost sheep, when his necessities or his conscientious scruples obliged him to go in search of that consolation among the Jews, which his Christian companions either could not or would not supply.

He began the world with a fortune sufficient for any man to enjoy its pleasures, and to assist others in their enjoyment. He was not a fool, neither was he a wise man. He was at one moment reckless and extravagant, the next parsimonious and stingy; as his humour jumped, his discourse was moralizing or profligate. He was at times gloomy, distant, and reserved; at other times gay, communicative, and confiding. His dulness sunk into stupidity, and his gaiety rose to madness.

“Still in extremes, he knew no happy mean
’Twixt raving mad and stupidly serene.”

Thrown early in life amongst a set of dissipated and pleasure-hunting associates, he did not improve as he reached maturity, and long before forty years had passed over his head, his money had passed out of his pockets, and he was left to make his way through the world as well as he could.

In return for this expenditure and application of his time and opportunities, he gained an almost unlimited acquaintance with people of all manner of ranks, pursuits, calling, and employments. Having no longer any wealthy friend from whom he could borrow money, and his “paper” being somewhat at a discount in the money market, he adopted, what to the ignorant and uninitiated will appear a mystery—viz., the occupation of a money lender; and to carry out more fully his views, an advertisement in a Morning Paper announced that “a gentleman, who had always a large rest of money at his banker’s, was anxious to oblige gentlemen in want of ready money,” &c. &c.; an office was taken in one of the streets of the Adelphi, a clerk engaged and installed in the outer room, and all the usual concomitants of pens, ink, paper, sealing-wax, and red tape arranged upon

a very business-like desk—all the accessories which Hudibras calls

“Nest-eggs to make clients lay.”

The scheme was, to a certain extent, prosperous; Mr. Hort had a “connexion” amongst the “Peoples,” by which he could obtain the cash for bills, of a tolerably good description; and he had a variety of articles of plate and jewellery which were given in part payment of the money which, together with the discount for accommodation, brought up the profits of the concern to something like sixty or eighty per cent. per annum. Amongst the articles of jewellery was a huge gold seal, on the stone of which was engraved what may be called the principal incident in the life of Leda. As the owner of this gem was not very well acquainted with the Heathen mythology, he had some difficulty in comprehending the myth engraved by the artist, and in his ignorance of ornithology continually confounded the *cygnus* with the *anser*. Thus “Leda and the Goose,” as he called it, was one of the many substitutes for a portion of the sums advanced on notes and bills, and perhaps the misnomer was more appropriate to the transactions than the correct title. The recipients were frequently puzzled to know what they were to do with the incongruous articles supplied from the museum

of Mr. Hort, some of which were of a most cumbrous and apparently unmarketable nature. This obstacle was, however, always surmounted by a reference to some gentleman in Bevis Marks, St. Mary Axe, and other localities of a similar character, who was in want of such things, and would readily give the full value for them.

As the people with whom this sort of business was done were too necessitous to make many objections to its peculiarities, the negotiation throve well, and everybody was, for a time at least, perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Hort was unfortunately an illustration of the maxim of Rochefoucault, that it is more easy to behave wisely in adversity than in prosperity. No sooner did his new avocation succeed, than he launched out into the sort of expenses that had compelled him to adopt it; and the consequence was, that after sundry fluctuations in his destiny, he found himself in the custody of the marshal of the King's Bench Prison, from whose guardianship I believe he was released in due time by the Commissioners of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and once more restored to society.

I remember taking this man to Windsor to be present at the funeral of George III. I had tickets for seeing the ceremony, and arranged everything so

that no disappointment should arise. I drove from London in a tilbury, drawn by a remarkably fast trotter; yet, fast as this horse trotted, the pace was too slow for the patience of my excitable companion. As we approached Langley Broom, the booming of the minute-guns struck upon his ear, and it was in vain I assured him that the ceremony would not take place until night, and that we had many hours to spare. We were obliged to put up the tilbury and horse at the Montague Arms at Langley Broom, there being, from the concourse of people, no chance of obtaining stabling nearer to Windsor. Having done this, we set out to walk across what was then called Beaulieu Park to Datchet, and thence across Windsor Home Park to the Castle.

We arrived in good time to see what was called the "lying-in-state," and having seen it, we went into the town of Windsor, in order to get something to eat.

I very soon made the unpleasant discovery that everything which the town contained was bespoken three deep, and that if there had been twenty times as much bread and meat in store, it would have found purchasers at any price. Mr. Hort, whose appetite was rendered keen by a long ride and a long walk, was in a state of desperation, and had

some vague notion that starvation was staring him in the face. I was fortunately acquainted with the late Mr. Duclos, who resided in Eton, and I knew that at his hospitable table we should be entertained without ceremony. I was, however, resolved to punish my friend for the annoyance he had occasioned me on the road, and keep him a little longer in suspense as to commissariat arrangements. Accordingly, after having averred that it was not impossible we should have to wait till we got back to London before we should get anything to eat, I led him along the main street of Windsor, crossed the bridge, and got into Eton, his frantic gesticulations and intemperate imprecations upon his folly in trusting himself to my guidance in some measure alarming the propriety of the inhabitants. Without heeding the absurdity of his conduct, I conducted him into the College, knocked at the door of my friend, who himself immediately made his appearance, and invited me in. Dinner was in a few minutes placed on the table, and Mr. Hort, reconciled to the exigencies of his situation, very soon "fetched up his lee-way," and declared he had never passed a happier day in his life.

Whether it was that he thought the opportunity a favourable one for increasing his newly found hap-

piness, or whether the actual and imaginary pangs of thirst to which he had been subjected operated upon him, is of no consequence; but the fact was, he did such reiterated justice to the wine of Mr. Duclos, that by the time it was necessary to return to the Castle to be present at the funeral, he was not in the most befitting state to appear as the mourner of royalty. He indeed began to indulge in certain unseemly jokes upon departed greatness, and observed, perhaps in reference to himself, that "a live jackass was better than a dead lion;" "the dead to the bier, the living to good cheer," &c. I broke this strain of observation short, and by the joint application of physical and moral force, propelled him through the streets and court-yard to St. George's Chapel, where I was very glad that he conducted himself with requisite decorum.

The ceremony being concluded, we set out to walk back to Langley Broom, and in passing down towards the Home Park, he insisted on entering a public-house of a very questionable character at the end of the town, being, as he said, heated and thirsty. He had no sooner got into the public-house, than he was glad to get out as fast as he could, the company assembled being of a class which left no room for conjecture as to what their business was, and for what

purposes they were absent from home at so late an hour in the night. I had providently furnished myself with a brace of pistols, not being very willing to trust entirely to expostulation on an occasion which brought together all the thieves and vagabonds of the neighbourhood, and a more than usual gathering of the "professionals" from London. Mr. Hort and I made no delay in crossing the Home Park, and passed the Thames in the ferry boat at Datchet, it being then past midnight, and dark as Erebus. I had given him one of my pistols, at his own request, and much against my own inclination. When we arrived at the moat in Beaulieu Park, into which, if I had not been well acquainted with the topography, it is not improbable we should both have tumbled, something or other occasioned a sudden splash in the water, and instantaneously the report of a pistol close to the back of my head, the ball of which grazed my hat, warned me to disarm my companion without a moment's delay, he having in his fright discharged the weapon with which he had been intrusted, upon the principle of what is termed the "promiscuous."

We reached London about three in the morning, and I drove down St. James-street on my way home. At the end of Jermyn-street, Hort insisted on my stopping to let him descend from the tilbury. This

I declined to do, as I was aware he had upwards of fifty pounds in his pocket, and that his object was to go to one of the gambling-houses in Bury-street, and try his luck at the hazard-table. Seeing that I did not comply with his request to stop, he caught hold of the reins of the horse, which immediately began to rear and plunge to the danger of our necks, with one hand, and collared me with the other. Of course I resisted this frantic attack, and finding I was getting the better of him he called out lustily for the watch, a number of whom, along with a parcel of street blackguards, immediately came to the rescue. I found it quite time to let a "wilful man have his way." He jumped from the carriage, ran up Jermyn-street, and I saw no more of him till late the next day, when he called upon me to let me know he had lost all the money he had about him at the hazard-table, besides a considerable sum more, for which he had given his check, and to reproach me for suffering him to leave the tilbury and make himself so complete a fool!

I think it will be allowed that I have reason to remember the funeral of George III. I hope my example will deter others from trusting drunkards with firearms, and selecting an obstinate ass as a *compagnon de voyage*.

I had, as it just appears, a narrow escape for my life by the inexpertness of a man not used to handle fire-arms. I had another from the obstinacy of an intoxicated postilion in returning one night from dining at the house of the Rev. Mr. Hodgkinson, near Billingbeare, in Berkshire, to my own residence, in the same county.

It was thus:—

Whilst we were at dinner the waters of the Lodden, which had been previously increased by the rain, became swollen by the tributary streams to so great an extent, that before the hour for departure was arrived the whole country was under water. The night was a very unfit one for attempting a passage through places with which those who attempted it were not thoroughly acquainted. It was at one minute moonlight, and the next shrouded in darkness from the passage of clouds before the face of the luminary. The owner of the carriage—a travelling chariot—and I ascended the box, a venerable priest who had taken freely of the solids and fluids of the dinner-table was stowed away in the body of the carriage, where he quickly resigned himself to the care of the god of sleep. The postilion had increased the natural obstinacy of his temper by potations from the bottle of the host. Under these

circumstances, we made our way as well as we could, and for some time got on without danger. The darkness began to increase, and the waters to get deeper just as we arrived at a place at which our driver was in every respect out of his depth. In spite of our expostulations, he urged his horses on, and it soon became apparent that he had got off the road, and was floundering on the waste on one side of it, with the chance, or rather the certainty, of being upset in the ditch which bounded the waste. The water was gaining upon us, the body of the carriage was already a foot deep in the flood, and the horses were holding their heads as erect as they could, to avoid the expected catastrophe: what added to our dismay was the appearance immediately before us of a man up to his breast-bone in the flood, supporting the head of a horse, to which was attached a chaise, almost completely immersed. There was no time for hesitation, another moment and the crisis would have been complete. We jumped down, seized the bridles of the horses, and by main force pulled their heads round in such a way as to get them again on the road, and then to guide them along it till the ford became comparatively shallow; the postilion all the while sitting as steadily on one of the animals as the statue of King Charles at Charing-cross, the

stupor of drunkenness and the presence of danger having completely obliterated his recollection, and paralyzed his energy. Fortunately we escaped with only a ducking, the priest inside the carriage was wet through up to the midriff. His slumbers were not however broken, and it was not until all danger was passed, that he became aware it had ever existed.

The owner of the horse and chaise, I am happy to say, escaped, the horse made his escape also, and thus all ended well.

CHAPTER V.

Curious discovery of Human Skeletons at Charenton-sur-Seine—Purity of French Female Convents—Mr. Penn—Lady and Lord Holland—Proposed Epitaph for the Duke of Norfolk—Character of his Grace—Wraxhall's account of him—The Duke of Queensberry—Debauchery of former days—Père Elisée—Paris and the Rival Goddesses—Dinner at White Knights—A Divine swallows a bottle of Tokay—The Barrymore Family—Wargrave—Delphini—Hooper, the Tinman—Alexander Lee, the Original Tiger—Captain Polhill—Mrs. Waylett—A Broken Heart—Harry Lee—The Antigallican in Shire Lane—The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Barry.

THE anecdotes &c. which follow in the four or five succeeding chapters, the reader will perceive to be strung together without any attempt at arrangement. I wrote them down as they came into my recollection, and I must request his pardon for their incongruity and want of connexion.

I was in Paris about the year 1826 or 1827, and it was about that time that Messrs. Manby and Wilson, the iron-masters, erected large premises for carrying on their business at Charenton-sur-Seine, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and employed for some

years from eight to nine hundred workmen, whom they imported from Staffordshire. The premises, which they converted into a foundry, and on the site of which they built their furnaces and forges, had originally been dedicated to less secular, if not to more useful purposes. They had been a convent, inhabited by one of the rigid orders of nuns. Unfortunately for the reputation of these holy sisters, certain discoveries were made in pulling down parts of the building that the profane interpreted as proving that the ladies had not adhered to their vows with the strictness which their rule required; and Mr. George Holcroft, engineer, who superintended with Mr. Armstrong the digging out the ground in which the foundations for the fly-wheels and tilt-hammers were to be placed, discovered, to their surprise, if not to their edification, upwards of four hundred skeletons of infants buried in the soil. How the skeletons came there, and who were the mothers of the children of which the bones revealed the former existence, it is not very difficult to conjecture. Dead children, like dead men and women, tell no tales, but it would require more charity than most people possess to avoid coming to the conclusion that something very like murder, "though it had no tongue," did on this occasion "speak with most

miraculous organ," and bring to light some of the infamies which the conventual system engenders.

A communication was immediately made to the Mayor, who took all the pains he could to keep the affair secret; and the remains of the children were conveyed away in boxes with as much privacy as possible, and buried in a neighbouring cemetery.

I had for a neighbour, both in Buckinghamshire and in London, the well-known Mr. Penn. In Buckinghamshire I lived in the next parish to Stoke, in which his country seat was situated; and in London, his residence, as well as mine, was, for many years, in Spring-gardens. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing his eccentricities and forming an estimate of his character. His conversation was epigrammatic to the highest degree, and seldom did he utter what was considered a good thing without delivering it in words so short and pointed, that any auditor could retain it without difficulty and retail it with accurate fidelity. Penn, in very soul a strict Conservative, had been for a long time absent from Lord Holland's, or more properly speaking, from Lady Holland's literary camarilla, when an *habitué* of the symposia of Kensington exhorted him to attend, and pledged himself for his being well received at the hospitable *réunions* of the titled "blue" and her courteous and

amiable companion. The *habitué* expatiated on the joint stock merits of the noble pair.

“He’s so mild, so clear, so deep, and so philosophic,” said the gentleman, “you really might imagine yourself within the house of Socrates.”

“It certainly produced that effect upon me,” said Penn, “and the effect became more vivid as my visit was prolonged, for during a placid colloquy between his lordship and myself, occasional vociferations struck my ear, and I imagined it must have been Xantippe herself whom I heard exclaiming in one of the adjacent rooms.”

This allusion to the Socratic mansion and the noisy manifestations of her ladyship was told in the clubs. Penn got credit for his wit, but got no further opportunities of recognising the accents and the language of Xantippe in her suburban retreat.

He was very much incensed at the very limited bequest of the old Duke of Norfolk to one of his immediate connexions, and was ruminating on his Grace’s penurious provision for the gentleman alluded to, when Lord King, addressing him abruptly, said :

“Penn, why don’t you write his Grace’s epitaph?”

“I will,” said Penn, “and it shall be as brief as true.”

He paused for a minute, and then produced the

following distich, which has at least the merit claimed by the author—

“What Norfolk has been, you may learn from this placard :
He lived like a beast, and he died like a blackguard.”

I had several occasions of forming my own estimate of his Grace, “Jockey of Norfolk,” as he was called, whether in compliment or derision I am uncertain. He was in person, a vulgar, heavy, clumsy, dirty-looking mass of matter, and his pursuits and habits were in congenial harmony with his appearance.

That portion of his existence which was not employed in political agitation and factious uproar, was devoted to the debasing gratification of sensual appetites. He could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beefsteaks like a Buckhorse. His amours were without delicacy and without number—the intemperate indulgence of animal impulse. I have seen this old fellow in his antiquated coat of French grey cloth, black breeches, and black worsted stockings, the costume in which he was invariably encased, applauding the nauseous exhibitions of drunken prostitutes and their partners at a public ball, and urging them to further indecencies by potations of wine, and such like exhilarations as the place afforded, to the disgust even of those whose delicacy was neither very vulnerable nor very fastidious.

What Wraxhall has said of him in his "Memoirs" is so graphic and so true that I may be pardoned for transcribing it here. Many people have, no doubt, read it in Wraxhall's book, but as many more have not, I will afford them an opportunity of reading it in mine, for which I think few will be sorry. It will illustrate the state of bygone aristocracy, and furnish the admirers of a "fine old English gentleman who had a fine estate" with an opportunity of comparing the merits of the past generation of English nobility with those of the generation now in existence.

"In his youth, for at the time of which I speak he had attained his thirty-eighth year, he led a most licentious life, having frequently passed the whole night in excesses of every kind, and even lain down when intoxicated, occasionally to sleep in the streets, or on a block of wood. At the 'Beefsteak Club,' where I have dined with him, he seemed to be in his proper element. But few individuals of that society could sustain a contest with such an antagonist when the cloth was removed. In cleanliness he was negligent to so great a degree that he rarely made use of water for purposes of bodily refreshment and comfort. He even carried the neglect of his person so far, that his servants were accustomed to avail themselves of

his fits of intoxication for the purpose of washing him. On those occasions, being wholly insensible of all that passed about him, they stripped him as they would have done a corpse, and performed on his body the necessary ablutions. Nor did he change his linen more frequently than he washed himself. Complaining one day to Dudley North that he was a martyr to the rheumatism, and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, 'Pray, my lord,' said he, 'did you ever try a clean shirt?'

"Drunkenness was in him an hereditary vice, transmitted down, probably, by his ancestors from the Plantagenet times, and inherent in his formation. His father indulged equally in it, but he did not manifest the same capacities as his son in resisting the effects of wine. It is a fact, that after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's-street, he has repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites.

"His very dress, which was most singular and always the same, except when he went to St. James's, namely, a plain blue coat of a peculiar dye, approaching to purple, was said to be imposed upon him by his priest or his confessor as a penance.

"His conduct in toasting the 'sovereign majesty of

the people,' at a meeting of the Whigs, held in February, 1798, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, was generally disapproved and censured. Assuredly it was not in the 'Bill of Rights,' nor in the principles on which reposes the Revolution of 1688, that the Duke could discover any mention of such an attribute of the people. Their liberties and franchises are there enumerated, but their *majesty* was neither recognised nor imagined by those persons who were foremost in expelling James II. The observations with which his Grace accompanied the toast, relative to the two thousand persons who, under General Washington, first procured reform and liberty for the thirteen American colonies, were equally pernicious in themselves and seditious in their tendency. Such testimonies of approbation seemed, indeed, to be not very remote from treason. The Duke himself appeared conscious that he had advanced beyond the limits of prudence, if not beyond the duties imposed by his allegiance; for, a day or two afterwards, having heard that his behaviour had excited much indignation at St. James's, he waited on the Duke of York in order to explain and excuse the proceeding. When he had so done, he concluded by requesting, as a proof of his loyalty, that in case of invasion his regiment of militia (the West Riding of Yorkshire, which

he commanded) might be assigned the post of danger. His Royal Highness listened to him with apparent attention; assured him that his request should be laid before the King; and then breaking off the conversation abruptly, ‘Apropos, my lord,’ said he, ‘have you seen “Blue Beard?”’ This musical pantomime entertainment, which had just made its appearance at Drury-lane Theatre, was at that time much admired. Only two days subsequent to the above interview, the Duke of Norfolk received his dismissal both from the lord-lieutenancy and from his regiment.

“As he advanced in age he increased in bulk; and the last time I saw him (which happened to be at the levee at Carlton House, when I had some conversation with him), not more than a year before his decease, such was his size and breadth, that he seemed incapable of passing through a door of ordinary dimensions. Indeed, though of enormous proportions, he had not a projecting belly, as Ptolemy Physcon is depicted in antiquity, or like the late King of Wirtemberg, who resembled in appearance our popular ideas of *Punch*, and might have asserted with Falstaff, that ‘he was unable to get sight of his own knee.’”

At the time I came in contact with his Grace he resembled the portrait here drawn of him towards the

conclusion of his life. His physical powers did not, however, appear to have suffered much from the number of years which had passed over his head, and his moral faculties, such as they were, were not apparently diminished. The pruriency of his taste was certainly neither obliterated nor lessened by the transit of time nor the admonitions of decay; he indulged almost to the last in the vices to which he had been all his life addicted, and justified to the full the truth contained in the epitaph written by Penn.

Such was the premier Duke of England, and Lord High Marshal of the realm!

Another head was in my recollection encircled with a ducal coronet, which would have been more appropriately bandaged with a clout. This was the head of His Grace the late Duke of Queensberry. This man possessed not one single qualification to grace the rank and position in society in which he was placed. A greedy gamester, a heartless voluptuary, and a profligate *débauché*, he practised with the effrontery of a court libertine of the days of Charles II., in the reign of the pious George III., vices which would have made the "Merry Monarch" stare. When reduced by age and debauchery to an emaciated libel on manhood, he was accustomed to sit at a window of his house in Piccadilly, ogling

with the one eye that was left him the prostitutes, high and low, that passed along the street: at dusk his Grace descended from his elevation; opening the window, and tottering down the iron-stairs which led from it to the pavement, he wooed the nymphs who awaited his presence, and whose coyness being removed by means which he had at his command, returned with him to the room he had just quitted, to celebrate the orgies in which he took delight. A French monk who practised pharmacy, and who under his special protection became a wealthy man, the "Père Elisée," was located in a house at no great distance from his patron's, and from the laboratory of this Esculapius were furnished such aids as exhausted nature was incapable of supplying from her own resources for the gratification of his appetites. In his early life his proceedings at Newmarket, and other places where horse-racing was encouraged, obtained him an ominous reputation on the turf. What he did, and how he did it, is recorded in the sporting annals of the day, and may be read by those who take interest in such narratives without much labour of research. He differed from his brother duke both in appearance and manners, and was understood when a young man to have possessed an elegant figure and good features; but when I knew him but

little vestige of either remained. The Marshal was a bully, the Duke of Queensberry was a courtier, and had the manners and address of a gentleman. He had, moreover, something of taste even in his vices, and though sufficiently brutalized in his enjoyments, his brutality was varnished with a refinement to which the notions of his compeer could never arrive. It is related of him, that on one occasion assuming the character of Paris when he acted as umpire on Mount Ida, and presented the golden apple to Venus, he investigated with critical devotion to the task the charms of three contending beauties, who consented to unveil to his eyes what is concealed from less privileged beings. His award, unlike that of his prototype, gave no offence to the two ladies who lost the golden fruit. Their interests, and that of the winner, were cared for by something more substantial than the glittering prize.

But death overtook him at last, in spite of his various efforts to keep him from his door, and all the nostrums which the shop of the Frenchman afforded. His immense wealth was divided by his will amongst various persons. The Countess of Yarmouth, the daughter of the Marchioness Faniani, whose parentage was said to be the joint stock commodity of the Duke and the notorious George Selwyn, came in for about

two hundred thousand pounds of the money, besides the riches she derived from her other putative father.

At the sale of the wines of this specimen of the nobility of the last age, the Tokay fetched an extravagant price. There was but little of it, and it was known to be genuine. I think the price at which the auctioneer "knocked down" the pints, was about fifty guineas a dozen, or at that rate. The precious fluid was secured at that "figure" by another member of the Dukery, his Grace the (late) Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. That distinguished descendant of the conqueror of Blenheim, had his prize conveyed to his seat, "White Knights," near Reading, where he was accustomed to regale his friends of both sexes with the most exquisite productions of the vineyard at a table served with all the refinements of gastronomic art. It was at one of these entertainments that a bottle of this costly juice of the grape was placed upon the table immediately before Dr. Valpy, who was occasionally a guest at the Marquis's. The learned divine, whose simplicity of apprehension was sometimes of more advantage than a complexity of knowledge, and whose ideas of value would never have led him to an appreciation of the treasure within his reach, upon hearing that the bottle contained Tokay, laid hold of it, and

pouring the whole contents into a tumbler, deliberately drank off at one draught what was intended by the noble host to be sipped from much smaller vessels by the whole of the company. The doctor felt no ill effects from his potation, which he assured the gaping auditors was one of the most delicious he had ever made.

This “*par nobile Ducum,*” the Satyr and the Sybarite of the days in which they lived, were the last specimens of a race which is now fortunately extinct. Whatever be the vices, the follies, the quackery, the pretence, or the hypocrisy of the present generation, it is at least a generation of decency. The force of moral feeling pervades to a certain degree almost every rank of society, from the peer to the porter, from the duke to the dustman. No man in these times, however exalted his rank or large his fortune, could perpetrate with impunity the things which were the daily practice of the two men of whom I have made mention. The law provides a wholesome restraint for the vices of the humble, and public opinion is now-a-days sufficiently strong to prevent, what were called the “eccentricities” of the great from being too glaringly developed.

The Barrymores, who were co-existent with the worthies I have mentioned, were such specimens of

persons of noble birth as nobody would wish to see "in force" again. With two of this family I was acquainted—the lame lord and the parson. With the elder brother I am only acquainted by tradition, and the sister I do not remember to have ever seen. The sobriquets by which these four persons were specifically distinguished in some degree defined their attributes and characters. Thus "Hell-gate," the eldest brother, is related to have led a life that not unjustly entitled him to the name bestowed upon him. His career was short, but in the slang of these times "fast." He held his "state" at Wargrave in Berkshire, reflecting his rays upon satellites of similar habits and pleasures to his own. Two of the stars that shone conspicuously in this galaxy were Delphini, the mummer, of whom I have already said something, and Hooper, commonly called the Tinman, a boxer of great reputation in his time. These two originals were kept there, the one for the especial purpose of creating mirth by low ribaldry and lewd buffoonery, and the other for creating disturbance and extricating his master from its consequences. "Hell-gate" was cut off in the midst of these enjoyments by the discharge of a musket, the trigger of which he inadvertently struck back just as he had taken his seat in a gig with a corporal by whom he was about to be

accompanied to a review. "Cripple-gate," his club-footed brother, succeeded to his title and estate. He was a strongly built, aristocratic-looking person, with a considerable share of sense, much good nature, and such knowledge of the world as is derived from always mixing with the least amiable of its inhabitants; a particular and intimate associate of George IV., then Prince of Wales. His lordship was the first person who introduced that class of retainers known by the title "tiger," and the original "tiger" was the late Alexander Lee, the musician and composer. The early "tiger" differed in some respects from the animal now known by that name. His duties were different, and his position more dignified. Thus the business of Alexander Lee, when a mere boy, was to accompany his noble patron in his cab, or rather in the huge one-horse chaise in which his lordship was trundled through the streets by the power of a gigantic horse. The boy was not, as "tigers" now-a-days are, perched up at the back of the vehicle in which the driver lolls at his ease, he had the privilege of being seated alongside of his lordship, and his services were made use of to perform the part which the heathen mythology assigns to Mercury. His lordship, who drove through the streets, "fancy free," whenever his fancy provoked him to a liaison with a female by whose

appearance he was captivated, "pulled up" his cumbersome car, Alexander Lee ran after the object of his master's admiration, announced the conquest her charms had made, procured her address, arranged an interview, or reconnoitred the ground, as the nature of the case might require.

It will be seen from this, that the original "tiger" was less fierce and less wild than those by whom the cabs of the fashionable are now accompanied. Domestication has done nothing for the last-mentioned *genus* but to increase their natural cunning and instinct for mischief; and since the world has advanced in civilization, nowhere, except in a modern comedy, do we now see gentlemen employing their lacqueys as the agents of their amours and the confidants of their success.

I shall say a little more about Alexander Lee, because for some years he was conspicuous in the musical world, and there are many persons who still feel an interest in his history.

During the course of his services to Lord Barrymore, it may be supposed his morals were not much improved by what he saw and by what he was required to do. He was rather a precocious lad, but his precocity was but little advantageous to his future pursuits: he was of too timid a disposition to make

such use of the opportunities which were afforded him when he came to years of maturity as would have secured him wealth and independence. When Captain Polhill became the lessee of one of the national theatres, Alexander Lee was in point of fact his partner, without being aware of it, and if he had insisted on his rights, he might have obtained a very considerable sum from the gallant Captain for relinquishing them. But instead of making use of the circumstances of his position, he became alarmed at the responsibility which it involved, and although he was, as far as pecuniary resources were concerned, in a state that he could lose nothing, having nothing to lose, he was glad to retire from his exaltation with all the celerity which he could adopt. Polhill was very glad to get rid of him so cheaply, and the more so as the two *prima donnas* of the establishment, Mrs. Waylett and the lady under the immediate protection of the lessee, were in a perpetual state of hostility to each other, and on several occasions their hostility had displayed itself in something more forcible than words, Mrs Waylett relying on the support of Mr. Lee, and her antagonist on that of her immediate paramour. In short, Lee frightened himself, and was frightened by a certain interested gentleman, whose name I shall not mention, out of the theatre, and thus

lost a chance of advancing his fortune which never recurred to him.

Of his musical talent I shall say nothing. His merits as a composer, an adapter, and a conductor, are known to people of his own profession, and have been properly estimated by the public.

His connexion with Mrs. Waylett was a sort of infatuation. She was a woman of very bad temper, full of whims and caprice, passionate and sulky by turns, and she treated him as if he had been put into the world for the sole purpose of doing everything that her tyrannical fancy could dictate. I have seen him at Vauxhall running about with plates, dishes, chicken, salads, wine, &c., with the agility and speed of a waiter, at her command, vainly endeavouring to give satisfaction to his imperious mistress by the most abject attention to her wishes. Her extravagant habits were a constant drain upon his purse, and his resources being limited, he was always in a state of embarrassment and necessity. Nevertheless the infatuation which originally attracted him to this woman increased as the intimacy between them was prolonged, and on the death of her husband, with whom she never lived, Lee made her his wife, and devoted his very existence in his attentions to her. This bliss, if bliss it was, "too mighty long to last,"

was shortly terminated by her death: the friends of the widower thought he had little reason to grieve for this catastrophe; but grieve he did. He was in fact a broken-hearted man, and for weeks and months roamed like a restless spirit about the haunts in which he and the lady had been accustomed to wander. He had on her death left the lodgings in which they had resided, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and removed to another locality; but he was miserable when removed from the place which had been the scene of what he considered his delight, and actually went back to the lodgings in which she had breathed her last. He locked himself up in the bed-room, and as the landlord or landlady of the house became alarmed at his protracted stay of upwards of four-and-twenty hours therein, they, after repeatedly knocking at the door to ascertain if anything was the matter, forced an entrance, and found their lodger a corpse, doubled up on a chair beside the bed on which his wife had a short time before expired.

Alexander Lee was the son of a well-known sporting gentleman, Harry Lee. Harry had in his day performed many parts. He had kept a gambling-house, and also a house of a different, but certainly not more honourable class, the notorious Anti-Gallican

Tavern, Shire-lane, Temple Bar. The orgies celebrated in this place were supported at the expense of persons who valued reputation and money less than the gratification of debauchery and dissipation. It was in this house, certainly not of good fame, that Lord Barrymore was at times accustomed to take his pleasure, and once a year a dinner, commemorative of the opening of the establishment, was given, at which his lordship assisted. However gross the appetites of the guests might have been, as regarded some portion of the commodities which were to be found on the premises, they were rather fastidious in their tastes for the dainties with which the table was covered. A friend of mine who kept a man cook, and who was himself a devoted disciple of Epicurus, was under an agreement with his servant to permit him on certain days to take a holiday. The cook availed himself of this permission, and was, on the occasion of his absence, the *chef de cuisine* at the Anti-Gallican on the anniversary dinners of the commemoration, and I have heard from his mouth a very full and particular account of the proceedings at their celebration, which I abstain from repeating here.

Harry Lee, in the course of his sporting progress, had distinguished himself as a pugilist and a second

to pugilists. In his battle with Mendoza he had the advantage of being "waited upon" by Mr. John, since John Gully, Esq., M.P., and in return for the favour conferred upon him by that gentleman, he became his second in the memorable match between the M.P. and Bob Gregson, whose defeat secured the fame of his rising antagonist, and was the stepping-stone to his future prosperity and advancement.

But to avoid digressing too widely from the Barrymore family, I will revert to the description of the amiable quartette of which it was composed. Cripple-gate, with all his follies, extravagancies, and love of dissipation, was a man of generous nature and natural kindness of disposition. He was also a man of strong natural sense, and of talents sharpened by long experience in the world. He had nothing mean in his nature, and preserved his independence of spirit amidst great temptations to subserviency.

"New-gate" was the third brother. He was the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Barry, though I believe neither the nobility nor the church derived much advantage from his being a member of both classes. He was a man of gentlemanly manners, and had the faculty, which has also been enjoyed by several other individuals, of exhibiting himself as a perfect gentleman

or a perfect blackguard. It would be invidious to say in which of these two characters he most commonly appeared. What I saw of him, certainly induced me to consider him a gentleman, and a man of considerable intelligence and attainments; what I heard of him was not very much to his credit. His necessities had been the cause of his having been the inmate of several prisons; indeed, some people averred that he had been an inmate of every gaol in England, with the exception of Newgate, and on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, that he derived his *sobriquet* from not having visited that unenviable abode.

The sister, "Billings-gate," derived her appellation from her peculiar predilection for the forms of expression made use of in the fish-market, and the almost intuitive facility with which she adopted them in the conveyance of her own ideas. But as I had not the advantage of an intimacy with this lady, I shall not attempt to draw her portrait.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir James Mackintosh—Tour through the Dekhan—A Philosopher on an Elephant—Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart.—The Duke of York's Statue—Colman and Elliston—Theodore Hook—Albina, Countess of Buckingham—The Brothers Smith—Mr. Green, the Aeronaut—Aerial Voyage of Messrs. Liston and Bacon—Cocking—Men of One Idea—Major Cartwright—The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands—Mr. Canning and Poodle Byng.

A GENTLEMAN, who had passed some time in India, told me one or two diverting anecdotes of Sir James Mackintosh, whom I had met several times in his company, and of whom he spoke in terms of the most glowing eulogy. As far as I can remember, I repeat his words: "Shortly after the monsoon in 1809, Sir James imagined that a tour throughout the Dekhan would be favourable to his health, as well as gratify the curiosity he had to visit the celebrated caverns of Carli and Ellora, and having been accommodated by the Government with a company of Native Infantry, to be augmented on his reaching Poonah with a small contingent of the Peishwa's Horse, and subsequently by a similar addition from

the troops of his highness the Nizam, all under the command of the officer selected for so pleasing a duty, Sir James and suite departed from Bombay, and landed at the usual point of disembarking beneath the noble range of the Ghauts. The party was not a numerous one. Dr. Jukes, who had passed many years in Persia when on a mission to that country, the Rev. Mr. Canning (first cousin of the celebrated George), Captain Tyler, of the Royal Navy, and the officer commanding the body-guard, composed the heads of the expedition. Sir James almost immediately imagined he felt a favourable influence from the comfortable and easy style of travelling laid down for his adoption. His spirits were renewed, his appetite restored, and never were his great and various powers more happily displayed from morn till night than in this interesting tour. It was soon discovered," said the narrator, "that Sir James was perfectly well-informed in the mythology and history of the country we were traversing, and that his memory was amply stocked with all particulars relating to the manners, customs, and religion of the mingled races of Moslem and Hindoos which lay in our line of march. The natives naturally asked, 'Who is he?' and it was resolved that he should receive the designation of the Great Hukheem (philosopher). At every

encampment, Vakeels, Patells, &c., were in instant readiness to gratify our wants of every description. Such had been the orders of the Peishwa to the various village authorities, and certainly his orders were never more cheerfully and abundantly fulfilled. At Carli the Great Hukheem expatiated on the mysteries of Bhuddhism, and explained the legends set forth by the sculptures on the rocks. At our next encampment at Chickore, we paid a visit to the living idol, and the absurd pretensions of this palpable imposture, which afforded an excellent opportunity for one of those Platonic dissertations in which Mackintosh eminently excelled, were luminously and learnedly disposed of by several of the party qualified for so recondite a discussion. On the ensuing day, at eight A.M., we reached the residence of Sir Henry Russell, the political agent at the court of the Mahratta prince. Sir James was here received with every honourable demonstration, but on emerging from his palanquin arrayed in mufti, caused little sensation by his appearance amongst the throng of spectators. In Sir Henry Russell's noble and luxurious establishment, in the gardens on the broad waters of the Reemah, we were welcomed by a full assemblage of the staff and military corps at Poonah, and were treated at a

breakfast with all the luxuries of the East and of Europe. To these good things our excellent Hukheem did ample justice. Sir Henry had learned that our field supplies were on a rather limited scale, and kindly told me that as I had, as he understood, undertaken the purveyance, I might give such orders as I chose from time to time for the amendment of our commissariat, and that his Davish, who was plenteously provided, would furnish anything of which our party stood in need. Being thus enabled by Sir Henry's kindness to improve the comforts of our mess, one day, when at Shikrapoor, half way between Poonah and Siroor, we were astonished, and at the same time delighted, to observe the servants busily engaged in cooling bottles of Champagne and Hock, of which we partook copiously at dinner, and to their merits, he it observed, no one manifested a more lively sensibility than Mackintosh himself. Though temperate in the extreme, these wines were highly grateful to him, and marvellous it was to witness the auspicious influence they exercised upon his eloquence, philosophy, and wit. Possessed of copious stores of anecdote, he poured forth an inexhaustible stream of intelligence, amongst all which there was not one particle of prejudice or asperity. Sir James was rich in little histories of

Pitt, Charles Fox, and Sheridan, of many of the celebrated notabilities of the Scottish bar, and well acquainted with many amusing and instructive passages in the private lives of Hume, Dr. Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Reid, and Adam Smith. He held his listeners enchained, and it was rarely that we rose from table till the hour of midnight. The gallant madcap of an officer who had been honoured with the command of the body-guard, and whom Mackintosh good-naturedly but invariably designated as the general, on arriving at Siroor, was among a multitude of old acquaintances, who so completely engrossed his every moment that he hardly bestowed a thought upon the common forms of duty, and only joined Sir James, some five days after, in the Fort of Achmednugger. He anticipated, what he well deserved, a smart rebuke from Mackintosh, who, on the contrary, received him with the most unfeigned complacency, reserving for the following day some pertinent and serious reflections, which I well remember he put forth with a sincere and generous concern; indeed, on this occasion, as on every other, nothing fell from him but practical good sense, accompanied with a gentleness of manner and a tenderness of diction proceeding from the best feeling of benevolence and reason.

“ At the head of the Adjuntar Pass our little army was augmented by the arrival of the promised contingent of the Nizam’s horse. The Sirdar by whom they were commanded eagerly disclosed to the officer of Mackintosh’s guard the programme of the proposed manner of the reception of the Hukheem, as soon as he should arrive within a certain distance of the magnificent city of Aurungabad. The programme certainly presented all the features of a gorgeous Oriental ceremonial; and having been minutely informed of all the circumstances projected on Mackintosh’s entrance, I remember I endeavoured to prevail on him to modify his costume, and make it less grotesque than usual when the Subahdar was to receive us on the plain with all the attributes of state, and introduce us to the marble palace of the Moslem conqueror. But Mackintosh disdained my frivolous suggestions, though I should add that Dr. Jukes, and Mr. Sotheby, an attaché to the residency of Nagpore, were invited to give weight to my suggestions, and did so accordingly. At Gandapoor I hoped an opportunity might occur for reviving our discussion on the requisite costume. On the ensuing day we reached the beautiful but solitary outpost Toka, on the banks of the Godavery, not without some hopes that Mackintosh might be provided with an ample robe of black that

would at least have hid the singularity of his Feringee dress. But, no! On breaking ground at morning I beheld him ascend his palanquin attired as usual, and I resigned myself to the anticipated endurance of the ludicrous exhibition which I knew would follow at a later hour.

“Our march was without any incident to break its monotony till about the hour of seven, when we could hear upon the plain in our front the discharge of matchlocks, the beating of tom-toms, and the screeching notes of the clarion, the shouts of the horsemen, and the increasing murmur of the multitude as yet invisible. Quickly the sun dispersed the heavy morning mists, and we perceived within a mile of us a glorious array of ten or fifteen thousand horsemen, with turbans of all colours, and bannerolles and pennons fluttering in the morning breeze. Two elephants were in the centre of this magnificent group, and on one of these sat the Subahdar in state. The shouts of the vast multitude rent the air, the horsemen wheeled round and round, performing an endless variety of evolutions amidst the discharge of musketry. I hastened to Mackintosh’s palanquin, and begged him to mount his horse, a venerable staid steed which he had purchased of a Major Barker for qualities not much appreciated by those who patronize the

‘Quorn’ or the ‘Pytchley.’ He complied with my request. Twenty horsemen formed his immediate escort, and I rode by his side. The contrast of ourselves and the approaching party of the Subahdar may be easily conceived. The Subahdar was a good specimen of the ‘Patan,’ tall, handsome, noble, and commanding. His costume, like that of all Oriental chiefs, superb and graceful. Seated on a howdah richly decorated, he conveyed the perfect notion of a king; nor was it till the accolade between the Hukheem and himself took place that the composure of his features was in any way disturbed. The Subahdar descended from his elephant, and advanced to embrace the European visitor. On beholding Sir James straddling across his short-tailed pony, a look of incredulity and wonder passed across the face of the ‘Patan,’ and no wonder that such was the case. Sir James was dressed in tightly-fitting leather smalls, loose Hessian boots, an interregnum of cotton stockings separating the incongruous integuments of his legs and thighs, a scarlet waistcoat, and a green jacket, his head surmounted with a hunting-cap. The Subahdar and the illustrious stranger, however, drew towards each other, and the accolade ensued, the spectators staring in mute amazement and apparent incredulity of what they witnessed!

“Mackintosh having got through the ceremony, as he thought, was about to take his seat upon his trusty if not gallant grey, from which he had dismounted, when, to his dismay, he was informed that the elephant without a rider, which had advanced in the procession, was intended for his special accommodation, and that the vacant howdah was to be occupied by him. In vain he remonstrated. A ladder was placed alongside the huge beast, up which he climbed as a criminal ascends the gallows, and took his position. It was well he hesitated no longer; the sportive animal, not fully aware of the importance of his load, was beginning to exhibit some symptoms of impatience, and was with some difficulty restrained from the exhibition of certain freaks that would have dismounted a more experienced rider. To add to the ludicrous appearance of the scene, a glowing “aftab-gheii” was spread to shade the Hukheem from the sun, and thus, amidst tremendous shouts from thousands of people, and the incessant but irregular discharge of matchlocks, the Subahdar’s “suwanee” and our own advanced, and in half-an-hour reached the narrow entrance of the city, the inhabitants showering upon us as we entered flowers and other offerings in testimony of their veneration.

“Sir James had a fortunate escape from the result

of one of the honours reserved to greet him on his arrival.

“A damaged piece of ordnance, that had been abandoned by Sir Arthur Wellesley in his campaign of 1803, had been mounted on the tottering wall that was close to the city gate. The zeal of some of the inhabitants determined them to make it subservient to the glories of the day, and scarcely had the Subahdar and Sir James proceeded twenty feet beyond it, when it exploded, bringing down the buildings immediately adjacent!

“Proceeding through the city, we approached the ancient yet beautiful palace of Aurungzebe. The sagacious monster on which the philosopher was mounted stopped short, and kneeling, afforded his rider the opportunity to alight. Sir James was not slow in taking the hint, and commenced his descent, which was accelerated by his observing the proboscis of the animal approaching to within a very few inches of his person. To avoid the contact he sprang from his elevation with an agility which would have done credit to the celebrated Ireland, and alighted on his feet amidst the admiration of the astonished beholders.

“Thus concluded our day's march from Toka to the splendid palace, wherein we passed an evening of intense delight, enhanced by the sense of dangers

passed, and the pleasantry of our commander, whose jests upon his own dilemma and laughable comparisons of regal pomp with philosophic simplicity and resignation, were not wanting to increase the merriment and fun."

Among the notabilities who might be met with about forty years ago on Ascot race-course was the eccentric, but to a certain degree witty, Thomas Stepney. When he was turned fifty years of age, upon the death of his elder brother, who had been employed by the Government on a mission at Berlin, and who had represented the county of Monmouth in Parliament, Thomas became a baronet. He had, I believe, an estate in the county of Pembroke, but he seldom left London, or the circle of London people with whom he was connected; and being groom of the bedchamber to the late Duke of York, his connections were aristocratic and courtly. One of his ancestors had married the daughter and heiress of Vandyke the painter, by which match considerable property was brought into the family. Sir Thomas, or, as he was more usually called, "Tom" Stepney, had a habit of speaking his mind pretty freely, and though His Majesty, George IV., was fully acquainted with his assumed, or perhaps real weakness, he was always asking his opinion and urging him to be

candid. His Majesty possessed a capricious sensitiveness, about the year 1828, with regard to the military reputation of the Duke of York. It was whilst this feeling was in the vigour of its existence, that Sir Thomas Stepney was asked by the king what he thought of the column which had just been erected in Carlton-place, commemorative of the virtues, military and civil, of His Royal Highness? Stepney shook his head.

“What do you object to now?” said the King.

“The statue is placed too high, your Majesty, in my opinion; it should have been much nearer the ground. To His Royal Highness’s private credit (His Royal Highness was terribly in debt) it might have been a reasonable tribute; but nothing could be less appropriate, in a military point of view, than placing him conspicuously ‘at the head of a column.’”

After this short colloquy, Sir Thomas never had an opportunity of further discussing the topic with His Majesty.

As I purpose to enliven the dulness of continuous narrative by anecdote, I will relate a few more scraps of passages from the sayings and doings of some of my acquaintance.

George Colman and Elliston were accustomed to engage occasionally in the conflict of sharp wits, and

were not badly matched as combatants in such encounters.

“Well, George,” said the latter, one night after the performance of the “Wonder,” “what do you think of my personification of *Don Felix*?”

“I think,” replied Colman, “it exhibits a considerable deal too much of the *Don*, and considerably too little of the *Felix*.”

The last written, and the least successful of the plays of Colman was the “Law of Java.” Elliston had not forgotten the “hit” of his friend regarding his performance of *Don Felix*. As they were both coming out of old Drury-lane Theatre together one day from the stage-door entrance, they had nearly broken their shins over a heap of ledgers, red and yellow, with which the floor was strewn, and which two men were throwing into a wagon which was to convey them away.

“Eh, why what is all this?” said Colman, as he raised his eye-glass to his eye to ascertain the nature of the volumes. “They look like law-books. What a heavy load!”

“Infernally heavy,” said Elliston; “it’s the ‘Law of Java,’ George, but more appropriately placed than we have seen it before, far better suited, as you perceive, for a wagon than a *stage*.”

Almost the last time I had the pleasure of meeting Theodore Hook was towards the conclusion of his earthly pilgrimage: it was at Vauxhall on the occasion of the ascent of a balloon. I met him in the fire-work ground of those gardens in which he had enjoyed so many pleasant hours, and met so many pleasant friends since departed. I could not help being struck with the alteration of his appearance from what it used to be in his best days. It was evident the hand of death was upon him, and that all he could expect was to linger for a few months on the stage on which he had been so conspicuous and so admired an actor. What made his situation the more to be deplored was the necessity which the uncompromising admiration of his friends forced upon him of acting the part of a lion, when his mental and physical powers were equally incompetent to the task of supporting the character. He was pestered to the last by importunities from persons who gave dinners to honour their parties by his presence, when his faculties for "roaring," or for keeping "the table in a roar," were too feeble to support his reputation without the aid of stimulants to fire his flagging wit and rouse his torpid humour. But his fame was at stake, and though he was aware that the mode he was taking to preserve it was accelerating the destruction

of his vital energies, he was fain to draw that inspiration from brandy which he had originally derived from the unassisted powers of nature. Thus his latter effusions, though somewhat partaking of his original characteristics, were without the sparkle and the brilliancy by which he had acquired and long sustained his deserved celebrity as a wit. There was an effort and a struggle to say something that should sound like a repartee, but the attempt was occasionally a failure. The spontaneous combustion which had once flashed forth like lightning was burnt out, and little of the fire of former days remained in the ashes. Yet in spite of this, the necessity which friendship enforced and vanity exacted, compelled him to fresh attempts, and hastened, in connexion with troubles which were not known to his associates till too late, that catastrophe which all regretted.

Of a man so well known, it is hardly necessary for anything to be here related in addition to the numerous anecdotes already told and published. I will, however, tell one story about him, which I think has not yet been told: it shows the happy sarcasm in which the man could convey rebuke, and it may be a warning to certain "lion hunters" of the present day to abstain from their pursuit of animals which are furnished with teeth as well as

with the capacity for astonishing without alarming their admirers.

In the meridian of his reputation, Hook was incessantly worried by Albina, Countess of Buckingham, with cards for "coffee at nine o'clock," but never with an invitation for the more genial hour of six, at which last-mentioned hour the dinner on her ladyship's table was most punctually served. It may be supposed he never accepted the invitations for nine, and to avoid their continuous recurrence for the future, returned an answer to the last:—"Mr. Hook presents his compliments to the Countess of Buckingham, and has the honour to inform her ladyship that he makes it an invariable rule to take his coffee where he dines."

This answer puts me in mind of an answer given by the elder of the Smiths, the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," &c., to a certain blue-stocking aristocrat, who was in the habit of collecting small wits at her house, for the purpose of impressing upon the company a due notion of her position in literary as well as fashionable society, and shining from the borrowed brilliancy of the farthing rushlights who accepted her invitations. Smith, who neither admired the lady nor estimated the honour done him by her condescension, declined to make one of the

party, and in a polite acknowledgment informed her ladyship that "he and his brother must refuse the engagement offered, as they were employed that evening to eat hasty pudding at another booth, and consequently could not exhibit in hers."

The mention of Vauxhall, and the ascent of a balloon, naturally brings Mr. Green, the aeronaut, to people's recollection. This gentleman, whose balloon, instead of its owner, a writer in a morning journal, not remarkable for the extent or accuracy of his knowledge, either in facetiousness or in ignorance, called the "Columbus" of the skies, is a veritable enthusiast in his profession. He may be said to be so thoroughly imbued with the love of ballooning as to be ill at ease anywhere within half-a-mile of the surface of the earth; his aspirations are all for the clouds, and, as the American seaman could scarcely stand firm when on *terra firma*, so Mr. Green can hardly feel his position secure on any other place than the hoop by which the car of his balloon is surmounted. There he takes his stand in what, if not his native, is his habitual element, and though indulgent to the weaknesses of other people, no doubt feels something like contempt for those who are content to crawl amidst the dust and mud of the creation beneath him.

On the same day that I saw Theodore Hook in the gardens of Vauxhall, I met there the late Mr. Bacon, brother of the Chancery barrister, and the late celebrated surgeon Mr. Liston, both of whom were about to take a trip with the veteran Green. They had what is termed a fine ascent, and were much delighted with their voyage. They described the rejoinders made by their pilot to their observations, which will show the preponderance of a single idea in the head of that person, almost to the exclusion of all others. Thus:—

Mr. Liston. “That corn-field looks gloriously; the farmer will get a heavy crop of wheat when he cuts it.”

Mr. Green. “Yes, and I should get into a glorious lawsuit, and have to pay heavy damages for trespassing, if I descended there.”

Mr. Bacon. “How very much the suburbs of that town are extended. I scarcely ever knew houses and streets spring up so quickly.”

Mr. Green. “Yes, and if I was to descend there, I should have the car entangled with the chimney-pots, without the power of springing up again very quickly.”

Mr. Liston. “That canal appears to be covered with barges, and the craft on the river are very numerous.”

Mr. Green. "Yes, but it wont do for a balloon to descend where there is water."

Mr. Bacon. "The country beneath us seems to be very much intersected by railways."

Mr. Green. "Yes; but who in his senses would attempt to descend in the neighbourhood of a railway? In short, what with the harvest, the extension of towns, canals, rivers, and railways, ballooning will in a few years be an impossibility, and nobody but a fool will risk his life and property in its cultivation."

One poor fellow, who certainly by his conduct did appear little better than a fool, did about this time risk his life, and unfortunately lose it, by ascending with a balloon and attempting to descend by a parachute. This was Cocking. This man was a half-crazy teacher of drawing, who had got a crotchet in his head about managing a parachute, which rendered him insensible of danger, and deaf to anything like expostulation. He constructed a machine of tin tubes, covered with silk, in the shape of an inverted umbrella, from which was suspended a bucket, in which he placed himself. When at a considerable height in the air he was "let go," and after a descent terrifically rapid of a second or two, the tubes, and the frame or skeleton of the machine, collapsed, and he was dashed to pieces on the earth beneath him.

This poor fellow was courageous and enthusiastic to the very moment of his ascent, but at that moment his courage failed him, and I am perfectly certain he would have given the whole world, had it been his, to have relinquished his undertaking. I shook hands with him as he got into his bucket; his hand trembled violently, and he for the first time became aware of the peril he was about to encounter. It was too late; his reputation was at stake, and he had not the moral courage to recede.

It is due to the proprietors of Vauxhall to state, that they endeavoured to dissuade him from his experiment. He would not listen to them, and became, in consequence, the victim of his own folly and mistaken sense of honour.

Now that I am speaking about men with one idea, the name of Major Cartwright, whom I knew very well, and of whose independence of mind and political integrity I can speak in terms of unqualified praise, naturally rises in my recollection. He was a man essentially of one idea, and I had almost said that that one idea was a wrong one. This one idea was the necessity of parliamentary reform according to his own dogma, and it was split into two divisions—viz., annual parliaments and universal suffrage. It was in vain to argue these points with him; he would have

no modification whatever of his system for bettering the social and political position of his fellow-subjects. As he had only one idea, so he was the sole possessor of his solitary treasure. He had no uncompromising associate in his notions, and he really felt pity for the rest of the world, for whose obtuseness of intellect in not admitting his views, and going what is termed "the whole hog" with him, he could not account. He was so imbued with this one idea, that let whatever subject arise in conversation, he would, in some way or other, make it subservient to his purpose.

If you complained of the coldness of the weather, he would say, "Yes, true, coals and fuel and clothes are tremendously dear, but if we had annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we should have a legislative assembly that would make these things cheap, and then people would not complain of cold!"

If you described the absurdities and dulness of a new play, he would reply, "Yes, very true, the drama is gagged by the licenser; if we had annual parliaments and universal suffrage the House of Commons would abolish his office, and we should get better plays."

In a word, his universal remedy for every complaint of which the flesh is heir was parliamentary reform

after his own fashion ; and so incessant, and at last so obtrusive became his advocacy of his panacea, that notwithstanding my respect for his real worth, I am compelled to admit that he became in his old age a very considerable bore and annoyance.

In the early part of his life he had been in the navy, and reached the rank of lieutenant with great credit to himself and to the advantage of the service, and he was on half-pay for many years without anybody being aware of the fact. The Lords of the Admiralty were certainly not aware of it, and never suspected that Major Cartwright, their constant antagonist and vehement opponent, was no other than one John Cartwright, whose name had been in their official volumes for a long period of time, and, on the occasion of a large batch of promotions, were not a little dismayed to find that they had conferred the rank of a master and commander in His Majesty's naval service on the uncompromising patriot, whose commission in the Nottinghamshire Militia had put the handle "Major" to his name, and completely misled them as to his identity.

I forget how the old man reconciled this mistake with his system. Perhaps under a legislation of annual parliaments and universal suffrage such a mistake would not have been committed ; but I per-

fectly recollect hearing the new master and commander chuckling at his unexpected promotion.

In the spring of 1824, during the time that Mr. Canning was Secretary of State for the Home Department, their Majesties the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands arrived in England. They were located in the large hotel at the corner of Adam-street, Adelphi, where they held, in imitation of other monarchs, their levees and their drawing-rooms. I was one of the favoured individuals who had the honour of being presented at their court. His Majesty, Rheo Rhio, was a tall, bulky gentleman, as black as soot, Her Majesty, Queen Kamchamcha, was of the same sable tint, equally bulky, but something taller than her husband. I should say she was nearly six feet high, and of an order of female beauty the reverse of the established European opinions. There was a large suite of attendants, male and female, of similar proportions and features, and the general appearance of the group was not such as to remove any prejudices which those who had the *entrée* might have imbibed against monarchical government. His Majesty George IV., with the *esprit de corps* of royalty, took great interest in their accommodation and pleasures, and forgot in the fellow feeling for his "brother" and "sister" his well-known

repugnance to what has been termed "God's image carved in ebony." The Home Secretary was instructed to see them "well attended," and he did so in more ways than one; for in more ways than one, it was absolutely necessary that they should be properly cared for. Among other marks of civility conferred on the illustrious strangers, was the appointment of a gentleman of rank and family to the office of caterer for their amusements and comforts. The person selected for this important duty by Mr. Canning was Mr. Byng, well known in the fashionable circles by the sobriquet of "Poodle" Byng. It became the duty of this gentleman to make a daily report to the Home Office of the pursuits, pleasures, progress, and health of the royal visitors, in the discharge of which duties he was assiduous and punctual; he was minute in his attentions and inquiries as to the wants and requests of his charge, and as the unsophisticated habits of the royal pair left little to be guessed either of their moral or physical requirements, his revelations were a source of considerable interest and amusement to a still greater personage than themselves, who was understood to be very particular in his inquiries about everything connected with them. One morning Byng, on being admitted to Mr. Canning, shook his head, somewhat after the

manner of *Lord Burleigh* in the "Critic;" whereupon the Home Secretary, inferring some untoward news, hastily inquired—

"Has anything unfortunate occurred?"

"Nothing, sir, exceedingly unfortunate, but something rather disagreeable," replied Byng.

"Neither of them dead, I hope?"

"No, sir."

"What makes you look so serious then?"

"Why, sir, you must not be surprised at what I am going to say. I have for some time observed a change in their Majesties' condition, brought on, as I suspect, by their change of diet. The change first showed itself in miliary eruption; it then assumed a more inveterate form of cutaneous derangement; in short, I am compelled to state to you that both the King and the Queen have got the ——"

"What?"

"The itch!"

Canning eyed him with a most diverting significance of expression, and said,

"Are you sure it's not the mange?"

And Byng, remembering the sobriquet attached to his description, immediately perceived the point of the interrogatory. He took it with all the appearance of good temper which a courtier can assume, wishing

the interrogator in a place "not mentioned to ears polite," and replied,

"And in that case, sir?"

"Why, your own experience will of course suggest to you the most efficient remedy."

Unfortunately, in spite of all the attentions bestowed upon them, and all the superintending care and anxiety of the faithful "Poodle," who, like other poodles, was as close and affectionate in his duties and attendance as poodle could be, the royal pair did not thrive so well as might have been expected. They underwent much sickness, and many disasters connected therewith, from their peculiar habits and propensities, and if I remember rightly, were consigned to an early grave, in consequence of gorging themselves with raw pork, or some such dainty, which operated unfavourably on constitutions debilitated by repeated indulgence in similar simple luxuries.

CHAPTER VII.

Ireland—"Vortigern and Rowena"—Dr. Parr—Lord Spencer—A Block book Collector—Shelley—The Rev. Mr. B.—Jackson, the Pugilist—The late Lord Panmure—Mistake of the Countess of Harrington—The Duke of Hamilton and Bill Gibbons—Restoration of Stolen Property—John Frost—The Bible, a Sacred Book—Thomas Paine—The "Age of Reason"—Charles Macphail—Mosaic Gold—Eliza Grimwood—The Glove of the Murderer—Nat Graves—The Brown Bear, Bow Street—How to Punish an Adulterer—The Bishop of Killaloe and his Lady—Advice to Gentlemen of Peculiar Construction—Dr. Maginn—Glorious Death—Mr. J. Farrell and Mr. Anderson.

It was previously to this introduction to royalty that I had been introduced to a man who made some noise in his day, and who was clever enough to make fools of a host of people, who, in their own estimation, were the very reverse of foolish. I mean Ireland, the well known fabricator of "Vortigern," a patchwork play, which, by sheer impudence, he had the address to impose upon the public as a genuine, and until it came into his hands unknown production of Shakespeare. The imposture was very soon detected, but not until he had answered his purpose, and obtained,

among many others, a patron and believer in the imposture in Dr. Parr, who on entering the room in which the sacred relic of the bard was deposited, is said to have gone down on his knees, and bowed his head in adoration of the forgery. This Ireland is said to have made no less a fool of Lord Spencer, the great book collector, who purchased as a genuine "block book" an ingenious imitation in India ink, or sepia, or some such preparation, of a work called "Chiromancy," or the art of telling fortunes by the lines of the hand, for which piece of rubbish his lordship, I believe, paid a hundred and odd guineas, and it is now, or was some time ago, to be seen in the collection at Althorpe, carefully preserved from contact with the profane atmosphere, beneath a glass case on the library table.

There were two or three of my contemporaries at Eton, who in their day attracted some public attention. One of them is now altogether forgotten, and the memory of the others is fast sinking in the oblivion it deserves. I allude to Shelley, called the poet, and to the Rev. Mr. B——. The last of these gentlemen was on the foundation at Eton, where his eccentricities were rather the source of surprise than imitation.

He had some talent, and his attainments were beyond the attainments of most of his associates. He

was also a wit, on a plan of his own, but unfortunately some of his displays in that character obtained little sympathy from those on whom they were intended to operate. I will give a specimen of the peculiar employment of this gift, which partook in some degree of practical jocularly.

Mr. B——, who was unfortunate in not obtaining a scholarship at King's, graduated, I believe, at Oxford; with the particulars of his pursuits at that place I am unacquainted, but shortly after he had retired from the groves of Isis he revisited Eton, and invited a party of his old friends to honour him by their presence at a dinner which he had ordered at the Castle Inn, in the Market-place, at Windsor. The invitation was accepted, and a tolerably numerous party assembled at six o'clock to do justice to the good things provided by the skill and liberality of the landlord of the hostelry. All went on pleasantly, the guests affecting to admire the wit of the gentleman who had invited them, and actually admiring the elegance and profusion of the repast, marvelling at the same time from what source he had derived the means of making everything so pleasant, certain rumours having reached the ears of most of them that the wealth of their friend was not commensurate with such extended hospitality. Their ignorance on this

head was fully enlightened before they retired. Mr. B—— told the waiter, with the air of a man who had a good account at his banker's, and plenty of ready money in his pocket, to bring the bill; the waiter after some little delay obeyed the order, and produced a piece of paper of formidable length; Mr. B——, without troubling himself to examine the items, or even to look at the sum total, addressing the waiter, demanded in a sort of drawl,

“Waiter, in what name does your master rejoice?”

“My master's name,” replied the waiter, “is ‘Want?’”

“Very good,” said Mr. B——; “Want has been your master, and as far as I am concerned, is likely to continue so for some time; for as I am entirely without money, it is a moral impossibility that I should pay this or any other bill at present.”

The waiter, who appeared bewildered at the unexpected announcement, made no delay in informing his master of it; an explanation which explained nothing ensued, the guests took the opportunity of leaving their friend “alone in his glory,” and Mr. B——, by some means or other, succeeded in extricating himself from a dilemma which a gentleman of less intrepidity of assurance would have found extremely embarrassing.

The Rev. Mr. B—— obtained a prominent position among the advisers of Her Majesty Queen Caroline, and acted as her chaplain extraordinary. I was somewhat astonished when I saw him in company with the great civic representative of wisdom in his day, Alderman Wood, accompanying Her Majesty in her progresses through the streets of London, dressed in canonicals, and sharing with royalty the noisy congratulations of the mob of ragged ruffians which formed part of the procession.

Mr. Shelley commenced his literary labours at a very early age. He produced, whilst at Eton, a sort of romance. The bulk of the volume was not very great, and I believe the price of it was only sixpence. The quality was an exaggeration of "raw-head and bloody-bones," "on horror's head horror accumulated," and hero, heroine, assistants, and subordinates were in turn, or rather all together, the victims of wilful murder under the most revolting circumstances. The author was at this time a wild-looking, slovenly, dirty, uncouth hobbey-hoy, and certainly gave no promise of those perfections which, rightly or wrongly, as people's taste may decide, his admirers affirmed he possessed.

John Jackson, the celebrated pugilist, and teacher of boxing to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

and a host of the nobility and gentry, was a remarkable man. It is so recently that he has been gathered to his fathers, that hundreds of people, who knew him well, will be able to correct me if I state anything of him that is not perfectly matter of fact. I was introduced to him at Margate when I was about twelve years old, and at that age I was partly instructed by him in the art of swimming. I cannot say I patronized him, for in fact he patronized me, and I received both morally and physically such instruction from him as I was totally unable to return, although I could fully appreciate.

He was the finest made man in England, and one of the strongest and most active. In the commencement of his public career he defeated Mendoza, till that event an unconquered antagonist, and one who was at the apex of his reputation. Having achieved this honour, a buxom widow, who concurred in the notion that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and who had openly averred that if he became the victor in the contest her hand and all she possessed were at his disposal, immediately threw aside her weeds and became his wife. This lady kept the Cock Inn at Sutton, on the road to Epsom race-course. Mr. Jackson forthwith entered on the duties of his new calling, and being patronized by the Prince

of Wales, and I may say by "the rest of the royal family," became so popular, that in a very short time he retired from business with upwards of ten thousand pounds in his pocket. He afterwards, in conjunction with Angelo, the fencing-master, took the spacious rooms in Old Bond-street now used as auction-rooms, and being supported in his speculation by all the sporting people of rank and position, at the head of whom were the late Dukes of Hamilton and Richmond, increased, by giving lessons in boxing on alternate days during the London fashionable season, his ten thousand pounds to something considerably beyond twenty. In these rooms almost all the celebrities of London, of that class by which athletic sports were encouraged and old English pastimes patronized, were accustomed to congregate, in like manner as merchants assemble and meet together in the Royal Exchange, sinners in Capel-court, and saints in Exeter Hall. It was here that, some forty years ago, was established the "Pugilistic Club," on the roll of which, a roll considered by some persons almost as important as the roll of "Battle Abbey," were inscribed the names of upwards of two hundred gentlemen, and among them the names of Lord Byron, Sir W. Scott, Thomas Moore, and many others of equal eminence, who

positively courted the acquaintance of him who presided.

I remember being present at a dinner, at a tavern in Duke-street, St. James's. Mr. Jackson was the chairman, his supporters on the right and left were the late Lord Panmure and the famous pedestrian, Captain Barclay. Jackson, who was a very temperate man, instead of swallowing a bumper of wine as every toast went round, adroitly jerked the contents of his glass over his shoulder. This ingenious manœuvre was detected by the vigilant eye of the peer, who, after staring at the perpetrator with unaffected amazement, volunteered to save him the trouble of repeating the practice, and drank his own wine and that of the chairman during the rest of the evening. Jackson, of course, was perfectly sober at the conclusion of the banquet, and Lord Panmure appeared little or nothing the worse for his good nature and double potations.

The appearance and the natural politeness of Jackson, and the good use he had made of always living among good company, rendered him what is called a presentable man; and accordingly, on the occasion of a party of noblemen being about to proceed one morning to witness a boxing-match somewhere in the neighbourhood of London, he was

introduced at the breakfast table of the then Earl of Harrington, father of the present possessor of that title, in St. James's-park, and presented as Mr. Jackson to the countess, a lady of courtly manners and of dignified refinement. Her ladyship mistook the gentleman introduced for his namesake the American minister, and treated him with becoming affability and respect. She was sometime after disabused of her mistake, but so pleased had she been with the manners of her new acquaintance, that she declared he was much more of a gentleman than her own sons, or most of the people whom they were in the habit of introducing to her house.

I have made mention of this man, and the things connected with him, because they explain to a certain degree the state of society some years ago, and illustrate certain usages, habits, and customs which, perhaps for the better, perhaps for the worse, then existed and flourished in great vigour. The generation by which they were fostered is nearly passed away. It may be matter of amusement to the present to know in what their predecessors delighted, and of edification to compare the differences by which they are distinguished.

Having mentioned the late Duke of Hamilton, and being on the subject of pugilism, of which he was a

great patron, I will say a little more of him, and of another person equally a supporter of that sport.

The person to whom I allude is, or rather was, William, commonly, indeed always, called "Bill" Gibbons. In a metrical address by a celebrated poet to an artist of equal celebrity who had produced a portrait of "Bill," the poet, after paying a compliment to the limner on the correctness of the likeness, concludes—

"But how came you to use *water* colours
In painting Bill Gibbons's nose?"

The painter was not aware of the means by which the natural tints in the face of the original were produced; had he heard the following anecdote, he would have felt the force of the query.

Gibbons, in the course of his visits, called one morning upon the Duke of Hamilton, and was received by his Grace with that politeness which one eminent man has a right to expect from another. His Grace, amongst other things, ordered his butler to bring a bottle of Hollands, which in a marvellously short time was, as Gibbons expressed it, "put out of sight" by himself; in other words, in less than half-an-hour he swallowed the whole undiluted contents of the bottle, and having done so, "cut his lucky," and retired. His Grace was struck with astonishment at the celerity of the per-

formance, and the more so, because previously to the introduction of the Hollands, the performer had tried his hand on brandy and other exhilarating liquids. As the evening drew on, the astonishment of the Duke was converted into a feeling of horror at the consequences which might accrue to the drinker, and the unpleasant remarks which might be made by the public if the result of his recent interview should terminate in a coroner's inquest. He resolved to return the visit without loss of time, and was not long in arriving at the abode of Gibbons.

This abode could not be called a house, neither did it in any way resemble the abodes in which most people reside. It was in fact a range of lofts over a range of stables, in a locality which I will venture to say no noble duke of the present day would venture to visit — viz., Black Horse-yard, Rathbone-place. Staircase there was none; the tenant and the members of his establishment “won their way” to the loft by a ladder, which, having ascended, was pulled up after them, and stowed away till wanted. His Grace having arrived in front of the loft, gave notice to the inmates of the fact, and the ladder being lowered, he managed to ascend. The first object that met his eye was the proprietor of the tenement, seated in an easy chair, in the act of absorbing some mixture of

spirit and water, and preparing to resume the smoking of a pipe, which he had just removed from his mouth.

The fears of the noble visitor for the health and safety of the object of his solicitude were of course removed, and having made some quite unnecessary apologies for his intrusion, he effected his retreat by the ladder, and returned home, ruminating, not on the "weakness of these latter days," but on their ominous power of endurance.

This Mr. Gibbons was altogether a remarkable man. I cannot say he was precisely of that order which somebody has called the nobles of nature, but he certainly stood out very prominently as a commoner of the natural arrangement, and had his head "screwed on" the right way. His knowledge of the town, and of the country too, was perfect, both as respected the people by whom they were inhabited, and the topographical divisions of counties. The latter branch of this knowledge was an almost indispensable qualification for the appointment which he filled for many years as quartermaster-general to the "Ring," and in the exercise of his duties on numerous occasions he baffled the "Beaks" by his masterly movements from one jurisdiction to another, when obliged to retreat before a superior force. He was also in possession of a knowledge of cross-roads, lanes,

and pathways, leading to various parts of the sea-coast, which brought no little gain into his pocket from his employment of it in helping prisoners of war to effect their escape out of the country, and in his intercourse with smugglers in helping them to introduce foreign produce into it.

Those who were acquainted with the extent and ramifications of his intelligence about what was going on in the world, and who were unfortunate enough to lose or to be robbed of watches, snuff-boxes, and things of a similar character, instead of applying at the police-offices for the restoration of their property, were accustomed to apply to Mr. Gibbons, who was generally successful in recovering the stolen and strayed, and in "making it all right" with the people into whose hands they had fallen. I was one Sunday coming out of Hyde-park in company with Frost, the well-known solicitor, when we met a French nobleman, whose pocket had just been picked of a very valuable gold snuff-box. The Frenchman, with whom Frost was intimate, was in great tribulation at his loss, and asked if it were possible to redeem it. "Leave it to me," said Frost, "and tell not a word of what has happened to anybody else; if the box can be recovered, I know the only way to recover it." The affair was left in the hands of Frost, who without loss

of time apprized Gibbons of what was wanted, and in the course of eight-and-forty hours the French nobleman was again in possession of his property.

I could multiply these stories, for the truth of which I can vouch from my own experience, but it would be both unnecessary and tedious; I allude to them here as throwing light on certain phases of society in the "good old times."

But though Gibbons was a very plain dealing man in his intercourse with those with whom he came in contact, I am sorry to say his simplicity of action did not invariably meet with corresponding returns. He was known to have amassed what might be comparatively called a good bit of money. His wealth excited a desire for wealth in the minds of certain of his "pals;" the sentiment, *non invideo, miror magis*, was reversed, there was plenty of envy and no admiration at all; and some of the envious, in their zeal for participation, watched an opportunity when their "friend" was away from home to pay his premises a visit. They ransacked every box, trunk, and place in which they conjectured his money might be hidden: it was all in vain. He knew his customers, and had taken the precaution to secure bank-notes to the amount of several hundred pounds in an old family Bible, being perfectly certain that that was

a volume which as they had never opened before, they could never suspect of containing anything of any sort of value, and never examine in search for money.

His sagacity proved his safeguard; the visitors, not being acquainted with the contents of the sacred volume, were deprived of the advantage which might have been derived from its examination.

John Frost, whose name I have just mentioned, was an original in another way. He was the lawyer and agent of Sir Francis Burdett in his celebrated contests for the representation of Middlesex, and he was either famous or notorious, as the reader pleases, for his connexion with the still more famous or notorious Thomas Paine, the political writer, and author of the "Age of Reason."

Frost, like many other people, neglected his own business to look after that of his neighbours. Having met with disappointment in his aspirations for the public good, he commenced reformer in earnest,

"Assumed a patriot's all-atoning name,"

and being an ardent and enthusiastic man, put himself at the head of the movement.

Tom Paine was elected a member of the French National Convention, and Frost, for whom England was in some sort too hot, and in some sort too cold, accompanied his friend to Paris. There they were

received with the honours which from their advocacy of liberty and so forth were considered their due. Frost fraternized with Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Tallien, and all the celebrities of the Revolution, was favoured with a reserved seat at the execution of Louis XVI. (of whose heroism and resignation on the scaffold he, by the way, did not speak so favourably as some persons of a less democratic way of thinking have spoken), dined with Santerre, who superintended the arrangements, and, in short, was in the zenith of popularity. This state of things was not doomed to be of long continuance. Tom Paine had voted with the Brissotins, and on the question of putting the king to death was in the minority. The Brissotins, as everybody knows, were overthrown, the reign of terror commenced, and Tom Paine and his friend were sent to prison. It was in this prison that Paine dictated the "Age of Reason," which Frost, as his amanuensis, transcribed. It was with some difficulty that they recovered their liberty, and if it had not been for the interposition of the American Minister, who claimed Tom Paine as an American citizen, it is not unlikely that both their heads would have fallen beneath the blade of the guillotine.

I have related this anecdote, which I had from the mouth of Frost himself, to show that, however erro-

neous or execrable might have been Tom Paine's ideas of Christianity, he was at least candid in his infidelity, and perfectly assured that his notions of its evidences were just.

Frost on his return to England was prosecuted by the Government, became more temperate in his political views, without abandoning the cause of legitimate reformation, made acquaintance with Sheridan, by whom he was duped, and who forgot to pay him a considerable sum of money, and lived for many years after, respected and beloved by a very numerous circle of friends.

It is not very long ago that one Charles Macphail lived in Regent-street, and carried on the business, not of a goldsmith, but of a smith who fabricated out of old tin kettles and copper saucepans a substitute for the precious metal, which he called "mosaic." I should not have thought this man of sufficient consequence to have introduced his name into these pages, if his invention and fabrication, together with other arts he exercised, had not been the means of giving a brilliancy of appearance to people of much more consequence than himself, and making a good deal of base metal besides his own pass current for much more than its real value. I speak this metaphorically, having no intention of accusing my old

acquaintance of infringing the laws relating to coiners.

Macphail had a very extensive connexion with the nobility and people of the "West-end." He supplied dowagers with poll-parrots and pet dogs, and by an alchymy practised by many other people, exchanged slips of paper apparently worthless, and sometimes really so, into sterling coin of the realm or good Bank of England notes. In the course of his business in Regent-street, he was one day waited upon by a noble lord, who, like others of his order, was obliged by the pressure within and without, to resort to many ingenious expedients to keep up appearances, and prevent incivility. His lordship was favoured with a private audience in a little apartment adapted to such purposes, and having ascertained that he and his companion were beyond ear-shot, produced an elegant morocco case.

"This case," said the peer, "contains Lady ——'s jewels. She is out of town, and they will not be wanted for some time; in fact, they most probably will not be wanted any more. Her ladyship is no judge of jewels or things of that sort; and what I wish you to do, is to make me a set of imitation jewels, set in your mosaic gold, precisely similar to these; keep these, and give me the difference of the value."

Macphail, having opened the case, without any examination of its contents, replied at once,

“My lord, it will be the easiest thing in the world for me to produce precisely such a set of jewels as you have been good enough to put into my hands. But between you and me, the difference of the value between the two sets would not be a farthing. These jewels, which you have been at the trouble of bringing here, were made by me some time ago for your lordship’s wife. I have in my possession the originals, of which these are so admirable an imitation, that I don’t wonder your lordship has not discovered the substitution of the one for the other, and her ladyship has already had the full value of the exchange.”

His lordship, who discovered too late that her ladyship was as good a judge as himself of jewels and other things, was not long in cutting short the conversation. He muttered something about being “done,” and took his departure.

Macphail, having survived his first wife, retired from business, took unto himself a second partner, from whom he parted company, by mutual consent, before the completion of the honeymoon; and wishing to economize, rented at a low sum the apartments in which, in the Waterloo-road, the unfortunate Eliza Grimwood was one night murdered by some mis-

creant who has hitherto escaped detection. Thence he removed to Boulogne, and at the present time occupies six feet by two freehold in the English cemetery on the outskirts of the town.

I said that the murderer of the unfortunate Eliza Grimwood had not yet been discovered. A vagabond who acted as her accredited paramour, and derived an infamous subsistence from her prostitution, was examined on suspicion of being the culprit, and one Nat Graves, a semi-official who had in his early days been employed as a "nose" or police agent, by Ruthven, the Bow-street officer, was employed to "squeeze" him. Nothing, however, was produced by the effort; the fellow persisted in denying the accusation made against him, and from what I know of the circumstances from my personal inquiries, I have no doubt whatever that he was perfectly innocent of the crime. Suspicion also pointed to another vagabond, who was neither examined nor "squeezed," but whose antecedents were not such as to remove the impression in many people's minds that he was the murderer. There is at this time a glove in the possession of a gentleman, as I understand, or of the police, which has never been properly examined, and which might possibly, by being traced to its owner, throw light on this affair. This glove, from its manu-

facture and material, has evidently belonged to a person of much more exalted rank than the man who was accused of the crime; I myself was told by a gentleman, who had some knowledge of the person towards whom suspicion was directed, that he was very glad he had never seen it, as it might have confirmed him in an opinion which he had formed as to who committed the bloody deed.

Mr. Graves, being himself a recognised limb of the executive of the laws of England, had come to the conclusion that there were many defects which wanted a remedy, and in his own case applied the remedy in the way that is termed "taking the law into his own hands." He had married a female who was possessed of more female beauty than female purity; indeed, the erratic propensities of the lady rendered it impossible for her husband to submit to her repeated indiscretions. He, at the time things had come to a crisis, was landlord of the Brown Bear, Bowstreet, and *custos* of the "strong room" in that edifice, in which prisoners awaiting the decision of the magistrates at the police-office were, before the present station-house was built, consigned to incarceration. Mr. Graves, *muneris auctoritate*, had a much more numerous than respectable acquaintance, but among them were several on whom he could implicitly rely

for carrying into execution anything he might suggest, or of rendering such needful aid as he frequently required.

The Lothario or Lovelace who had introduced the "green-eyed monster" into the "Brown Bear," was one Mr. Warner, a professed friend of the landlord. Mr. Graves having consulted his assistants, invited Mr. Warner to dine with him on a certain day, and Mr. Warner unhesitatingly accepted the invitation. People have heard of getting "a salt eel for supper;" Mr. Warner got something for dinner, of which the pickle was considerably more pungent. He had no sooner entered the dining-room than he was seized upon by Mr. Graves and his assistants, divested of that portion of his dress which extends from the hips to the knees, stretched prone upon the table, and bastinadoed upon a tender part of the person with a stirrup leather, prepared for the purpose. It was in vain he implored mercy; his bellowing brought no one to his assistance; such noises being so frequently heard on the premises, had familiarized the neighbourhood to their sound; and it was not until the operators were out of breath with their exertions that he was relieved from their clutches, directed to adjust his clothing, and kicked into the street.

Having introduced the name of one lady to the

reader, I will take the opportunity of presenting another of higher pretensions to his notice. The lady was the wife of a former Bishop of Killaloe, a prelate more remarkable for the secularity of his language than his adherence to the injunction, " Bless, and curse not." His lady, although she did not adopt the very forcible phraseology in which his lordship conveyed reproof and expostulation, was exceedingly primitive in her mode of question and answer, and moreover a wit. A visitor in the family, one Captain Quick, whose peculiarity of " build" was the contrary to what in a dockyard is termed " a clean run aft," having consulted the mistress on a subject with which her acquaintance was limited, and bored her with repeated interrogatories, was advised in plain English to write to his brother at Oxford to search the pages of "*Advice Christianis podices ponderosos habentibus*," in which volume he would find a full and particular solution of difficulties incidental to persons of his sort. The lady, as I said, gave the book its vernacular title, which I, from feelings of delicacy, have translated into a dead language.

This curious work has somewhere been noticed by Sir Walter Scott, and is to be found in the Bodleian collection, amongst similar curiosities.

At the table of Matthew Coates Wyatt, Esq., the

sculptor, I have met with many strange people, and with many very amusing ones. A man who may be said to have been both strange and amusing was amongst these people. I mean Dr. Maginn.

As many people take no "note of time but by its loss," so Dr. Maginn took no account of money except by squandering it as fast as he got it. The consequence was, that he was always performing the "gentleman in difficulties," and these difficulties were frequently more ludicrous than tragic. He was a good classic scholar, and had, I believe, like Lingo, the learned butler, been at one time a "master of scholars." He was totally without pedantry, but sufficiently armed with quotations from the Roman satirists to be a very pertinent and a very sharp antagonist with borrowed weapons. He had a vast fund of acquired knowledge, the product of odds and ends picked up everywhere and anywhere, rather than the result of systematic study. He had natural endowments of a high order, and if he was not endowed with genius, he was endowed with something that came very near to it. He could not be a common man, who, after driving off to the last moment the performance of his business of editing a magazine and review, found it less difficult to write the whole contents of the requisite number, than to examine and select the lucubrations

of contributors. This he actually performed, diversified his style and manner as the various articles required, and produced single-handed a collection of essays, and such miscellaneous things as are usually the labour of a whole staff of writers. He was a valorous little man; and though, after his duel with one of the Berkeley family, for a short time a "lion," he had no capacity for roaring, and with great modesty declined to avail himself of his honours.

I once sat at table in company with him at a dinner given to a gentleman who was about to quit England and enter on some very difficult public duties on the Continent. Mr. —, an Irish barrister, sat between Maginn and me; a good deal of jest and banter, and some small contributions of real wit, helped, in addition to the usual things provided at dinner-tables, to enliven the guests. The Irish barrister, who was getting what people call maudlin drunk, began to relate what an excellent man his father had been, and what regret his exit from this world had occasioned in Ireland.

"He died," said the son of this worthy man, "in the presence of hundreds of people, all of whom expressed sympathy on that melancholy occasion."

I felt some astonishment at this announcement, and in my simplicity asked,

“Did he then die on the field of battle?”

“No,” said the son.

“What were the circumstances of his death,” I asked, “which brought so many people around him?”

“He was hung,” said Maginn.

The Irish barrister burst into tears, and most vehemently denied the impeachment. He did not, however, enlighten us as to the actual manner or mode of his father’s dissolution, and I am still in ignorance whether Maginn’s solution was in earnest or in joke.

I remember returning home late one evening, and passing through Temple-bar. Beneath the centre arch, or rather gateway of that disgrace to the architectural reputation of Sir Christopher Wren, I beheld two men, one drunk, the other sober; the drunken man had just thrown off his stomach a part of the enemy which Shakespeare says men “put into their mouths to steal away their brains.” The sober man, who I found was a stranger in London, was inquiring of the drunken man, whom I discovered to be Dr. Maginn, the nearest way to “Wine-office-court.” The Doctor, though drunk, was quite sensible of the *contretemps* of the question to a gentleman in his predicament, and stuttered forth,

“I have just come from Wine-office-court, as you may very plainly perceive; but I’ll see you d——d

before I go back there again to-night, or direct anybody else to such a disreputable place."

The stranger went in search of another guide to the locality, and I with some difficulty having got Maginn into a cab, directed the driver to see him safely delivered at his home.

The Doctor had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which with him, as with other people who stammer, exhibited increased inveteracy whenever he struggled hardest to master it. This impediment, though it not unfrequently prevented the rapidity necessary to successful repartee, assisted by its grotesqueness his enunciation of a good thing.

There was another gentleman a stammerer, who, though very much inferior in talent, capacity, and attainments to Maginn, had a certain shrewdness, and a certain knowledge of men and things, that made him a rather awkward antagonist to contend with. This was Mr. James Farrell. He was an Irishman of good family, and had been tolerably well educated.

Mr. Farrell was for many years an *attaché* of the public press. He was a small contributor as a writer to the journals, but he collected a certain quantity of that miscellaneous matter which floats about in society, and communicated to those in authority the results of his industry.

The "Morning Advertiser" was the paper on which he inflicted his intelligence in preference to any other journal, and during the time that it had the advantage of being under the editorial superintendence of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Farrell called one evening with a communication, which was, he thought, important. He without any preliminary notice of his arrival at the office in Shoe-lane, at once proceeded to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the editor to impart in person.

Now Mr. Anderson was a gentleman who, in addition to other requirements, needed, or thought he needed, an almost perpetual renovation of his system from wine, brandy, or whisky. Mr. Farrell was aware of this, and did not object to such an indulgence; indeed, in his own practice, he was guided by a similar way of thinking. He was, however, a little surprised at the manner in which the great man received him, and at the unusual display of decanters and dessert on the table.

"I am very glad to see you, sir," said Anderson, "and I will now confer with you on the subject of your visit."

Farrell, who was "bothered," made a motion with his head that he was prepared to begin, but wisely held his tongue.

"Pray help yourself to some wine."

Farrell lost no time in complying, but was at a loss to understand the meaning of such unusual politeness.

Mr. Anderson filled himself a bumper, and the two bowed to each other. The conversation was then taken up, and kept up entirely by Mr. Anderson, Mr. Farrell paying the most diligent attention to the speaker, to discover if possible a thread to the discourse, which to him appeared totally incoherent; and following the example of his companion in filling and gulping down at very short intervals repeated bumpers of port.

It was evident Mr. Anderson was warming with his subject, and with the accessorial stimulants with which he was "keeping up the steam." Mr. Farrell began to suspect some mistake, but could not comprehend what it was.

"Have you got the document?" said Mr. Anderson.

"Yes," stammered Farrell, and held forth a piece of paper containing his collection of news.

A sudden light at this moment seemed to illumine the brain of Mr. Anderson, and the state of intoxication in which he had been during the whole interview was dispelled. He eyed with the harrowing glance of a Mephistopheles the gentleman to whom he had been showing such unusual suavity of manner; and starting suddenly from his chair, reeled towards him.

“What,” said he, with a tone of indignation and rage, “have I for this last half-hour been betraying the secrets of the paper to such an infernal fool and vagabond as Jemmy Farrell. Quit the room, sir—quit the room, or I’ll kick you out!”

Farrell was not slow in obeying the order, but not quick enough to escape the penalty of his intrusion: he made the best of his way to the door, and had nearly effected his retreat, when his departure down stairs was accelerated by a violent kick, which sent him heels over head to the bottom.

It appeared upon inquiry made by Farrell, that Anderson had mistaken him, in the haze of inebriation, for the great man of some greater man, who was to bring him some intelligence, with which the columns of his journal were to be enriched and his readers enlightened.

Mr. Farrell, after passing through various vicissitudes, and being compelled whilst living to announce his own demise, to prevent the too urgent and too frequent inquiries that were being continually made after him, at length died in earnest, and was buried in the neighbourhood of London, his funeral expenses being defrayed by the keeper of a coffee-house, whose beneficence exceeded the tardy benevolence of his friends in Ireland.

CHAPTER VIII.

Haydon—General Tom Thumb—A Boanerges—William Jerdan—A Planetary Aberration—Omnibus Bailey—How to decline Lending Money—The “Great Gun”—Dr. Forbes Winslow—The Rev. Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Fry—A Royal Duke—Mrs. Billington—Sussex House—The Prince Regent and Madame Grisi—Curious Copy of Verses—Sheridan’s Verses on Brooks, the Money-lender—The Statue of the Duke of Wellington—Death-bed Speeches of Great Men—Mistaken Identity—John Ward’s Fox-hounds—*Vulpes loquitur et Agrestis.*

AT the table of Mr. Wyatt I also met the late Mr. Haydon, the artist, with whom I had been previously acquainted. Haydon was undoubtedly a man of considerable talent, but of insatiable vanity. He had concentrated in his own estimation of his merits those atoms of admiration that ought to have been diffused among the general community, who were certainly something slow in recognising the claims which he was continually urging; indeed, they were far too slow to satisfy his craving for applause, and for a slice or two of that “solid pudding” which many people value much more than “empty praise.” The conse-

quence was, that he was continually indulging in querulous complaint and bitter vituperation; everybody was rewarded except himself, nobody but himself had any merit or capacity or "feeling for art." All the world were fools; he was the little bit of leaven that was to bring the stolid lump to fermentation; the one wise man whose presence rescued the mass of mankind from unqualified insignificance and fatuity.

This inordinate vanity overlaid the many good qualities which he possessed, blinded his perspicacity, and perverted his judgment. I have seen his picture of the Mock Election in the King's Bench Prison; it is perhaps his best effort, and for it I believe His Majesty George IV. gave five hundred pounds. It is now at Windsor, not certainly among the gems of the royal collection, but hanging in a place in which its merits and defects alike escape detection.

Shortly before his death he was employed in painting a series of subjects illustrating the horrors of the Reign of Terror; one or two of these were exhibited in a room in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in company with his pictures of the Banishment of Aristides from Athens, Nero playing upon his harp whilst Rome was being burnt, and several others which he called historical pictures, of the quality of which I decline giving an opinion. In the large front

room of the Egyptian Hall, General Tom Thumb was holding his levees, and a perfect swarm of people was crowding his apartment, whilst scarcely a creature came to Haydon's exhibition. This was a wound so severe to his vanity that it never healed. He was continually abusing the public, contrasting his own merits with those of his diminutive rival, and mixing up the sublime with the ridiculous in such a manner as to make his complaints the source of laughter rather than commiseration. He was at some moments in so excited a condition from his own disappointment, contrasted with the success of the dwarf and Barnum, the showman, that he appeared ripe for a forcible vindication of his superiority. I was not in the least surprised at the tragic termination of his days; he had appeared to me to be in a state of excitement for some time previous which would lead to something fatal.

The mention of General Tom Thumb affords me an opportunity of alluding to a rumour which about this time was current respecting that illustrious person. It was whispered, whether truly or falsely I cannot decide, that the great man was a little girl. Whether or not a substitution of the masculine for the feminine gender, in relation to the individual in question, increased or diminished the marvellous interest excited

by his or her appearance, Mr. Barnum would be the properest referee to decide.

At the table of Mr. Wyatt was also to be met a burly Boanerges, the incumbent of a city benefice, whose name I abstain from mentioning. This reverend divine was incessantly lecturing, and attempting to engross, not all the conversation, but all the talk to himself; and the company were on one or two occasions not a little indebted to the rough jocularities of another gentleman of the party, whose boisterous interposition at such times relieved the party from the pompous dulness of an egotist.

William Jerdan was frequently amongst the guests; his wit, humour, inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and felicitous manner of telling a story, contributed in no small degree to make these meetings agreeable. He was a perfect antithesis to the parson, and as he had not the patience to listen to a lecture, so he had not the folly to attempt the delivery of such an infliction.

I remember dining at the house of a city alderman, now Lord Mayor of London, who was in the habit of entertaining large parties of artists, authors, wits, and those who passed for wits. Jerdan and I, being among the least considerable of the guests, were seated at the lower end of the table as supporters of the *Amphitryon* of the feast, whilst his reverence, and

another person of presumed importance, acted as Lion and Unicorn to the Alcmena at the head of the board. When the ladies retired, and the gentlemen were left to themselves, the divine came down to the alderman, and Jerdan, who perceived his approach, observed, in his peculiar manner, and in that northern accent which sharpened the zest of his jokes, "I have often seen the Moon come to the fool (full), but this is the first time I ever saw the fool (full) come to the Moon."

A Mr. Bayley was among the people who got hold of Dr. Maginn, and by the process of what is termed "sucking his brains," contrived to obtain a good deal of information, of which he availed himself much to his own advantage. I am ignorant of the christian name of Mr. Bayley, but he had so many prefixes to his surname that there was no fear of his identity being mistaken. By some he was called Alphabet Bayley, why, I know not; by others, Omnibus Bayley, of the origin of which description I am in equal ignorance. He was a tall, awkwardly-built man, with a huge head, from which descended and fell on his shoulders, in snake-like ringlets, a profusion of long black greasy hair. His face was broad and inexpressive, and only redeemed from perfect vacuity by a certain sinister expression of the eyes. He was, I

believe, a West Indian Creole, originally from an Irish stock, with a slight streak of the Negro. Mr. Bayley was one of a class that assumed the title of a literary man, though of literature he had not a particle. He had, however, what answered his purpose quite as well, perhaps better—he was not easily abashed, profuse in professions, and indomitable in impudence. He would undertake anything, and by some means extract money from everybody. He was not entirely without talent; he could string together a parcel of words, and rattle his periods into rhyme; he could make the most of a worn-out idea, and pirate with the facility of a practised hand the good things of others; with these qualifications he became a public writer, a critic, a poet, and an editor. He had a tolerable knowledge of what would “take” with the public; and if he had been as steady in availing himself of the results of this faculty as he was clever in putting it into operation, he might have been an opulent man. He was the originator of the publication, the “Illustrated News,” of which he became the editor, and was paid a very liberal salary by the proprietors. Their liberality, however, did not keep pace with his expenses, and after a short time he relinquished his employment. He then became connected with other periodical publications, and

managed to obtain and to spend a good deal of money. It was about this time that I was one day in the back-parlour of a publisher in the neighbourhood of the Strand. The publisher, whose name need not be told, came into the room and said to me, "I have a request to make of you, which is, that whatever I ask you to do, and with whatever importunity I press you, refuse me during the next half-hour, and in expressing your refusal exalt your voice so that it may be heard in the next room."

I considered this an odd request, but agreed to comply with it, and the publisher having retired, I shortly afterwards heard him in conversation with some other person in the next room, whom in a few minutes he left, and came back again to me.

"I want you," said he, "to do me a favour; be kind enough to lend me five pounds till to-morrow."

"I really cannot," I replied, in a loud voice.

"Then lend me two pounds."

"You must excuse me," I replied, in the same tone.

"I really must entreat your kindness."

"It is to no purpose," I rejoined.

"Very well," said he, and again retired.

I heard a sort of muttering in the next room, and shortly after some person went out by the street door, and the publisher returned once more to me.

“The plan has succeeded capitally,” said he; “the man with whom I was in conversation in the adjoining room was Bayley. He came here to borrow money, and I was not inclined to lend him any. He knew you were here, and I knew that when I should tell him I had no money by me, he would ask me to borrow of you, and hand over to him whatever sum you might lend me. I was resolved that this round-about method of raising the supplies should not succeed, and that was my motive for asking you to refuse any request I might make to you. He heard your replies to my solicitation, and he has gone away fully believing that I did all I could for him, and that if I had had what he wanted I would have given it to him.”

This explanation elucidated everything.

Another publication projected and brought out by Bayley, was the “Great Gun.” He had the address to persuade two persons who had money that he would, by the aid of the “Great Gun,” increase that money tenfold, and under that persuasion his services were retained, and well paid for, to secure success to the enterprise.

His two supporters had an extraordinary opinion of his merits, and a feeling almost of adoration for literary men. They had seen little of the class, and

their ignorance of its components was therefore excusable. Bayley undertook to introduce them into the society of the brilliant circle of wits, savans, and critics, by whom the "Great Gun" was to be primed, loaded, and fired, and by whose labours, directed by him, their capital was to produce an inordinate interest.

For this purpose, a dinner for twenty persons or so was ordered at the "Café" in the Haymarket, and Hemmings, who was then the landlord, was instructed to provide amply, and let everything be of the best.

I received a letter of invitation without being at all aware of the nature or the intention of the festivity, and was ushered into a room in which the company were assembled.

I forget the names of many whom I met there, but I remember that Leman Rede, Laman Blanchard, a Mr. Rosenberg, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. Greenhuysen, Mr. Morris Barnett, and I think, Mr. Bourçicault, were amongst the number. Everybody was introduced to the gentlemen at whose expense the dinner was to be put upon the table, and I shall not very soon forget their bewilderment as the name and qualifications of each guest were announced by Bayley. These simple people stared in amazement

and admiration at the extraordinary beings who were about to do them the honour of eating and drinking at their expense, and were in a state between self-gratulation and terror.

The dinner proceeded as such things generally do. Success was drunk to the "Great Gun," and Bayley, who acted as the chairman, described in acknowledging the toast, *seriatim* and at full length, the peculiar capabilities of each person present for the respective department of the paper assigned to him. The "festivity was kept up till a late hour," and everybody retired well pleased.

In a short time an office was taken, and the "Great Gun" was brought into action; but I am compelled to say, it was a most useless piece of ordnance. It hung fire most deplorably, and though plenty of ammunition, as long as the money and patience of the proprietors lasted, was supplied in the shape of salaries and payments to contributors, so wretched was the whole affair that in the course of a few months its reports were heard no more.

After this Mr. Bayley sunk gradually in the estimation of the learned and the unlearned, the patrons and supporters of literary speculation, became less careful than heretofore of his personal appearance and the respectability of his associates, was occa-

sionally disfigured with a black eye, and after a severe attack of yellow jaundice, took the road to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

At the table of another gentleman I have met with guests of a different class from those whom I have met with at the table of Mr. Wyatt, or indeed of any of my acquaintance. I allude to the ladies and gentlemen who form the inmates of Sussex House, Hammersmith, and whose peculiar visitations have received from Dr. Forbes Winslow that alleviation which only the most thorough professional knowledge and the most unwearied attention to his duties could afford.

I am, of course, not going to say anything about these persons, but I cannot omit the opportunity of making public, as far as these pages will afford publicity, my testimony to the admirable arrangements of the institution over which he presides; of recording my respect for his worth, and saying a few words connected with him, and of observing, that not the least of the improvements of society, is the mode of treatment in cases of insanity in this day, of which he has been one of the principal, if not the most distinguished principal assertor, as contrasted with the inhumanity and barbarism with which lunatic asylums, or rather prisons, were in my recollection conducted.

I have known this gentleman for some years; I trust he will excuse the liberty which I take in mentioning his name, and assign it to those motives which respect for his character and talents engenders.

This gentleman, who, fortunately for the public, is still in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of all his physical as well as his mental faculties, is an instance of what the energy of self-reliance can effect. After receiving an education which made him a classical scholar, and confirmed his natural love of literature, he studied the sciences more immediately connected with the profession to which he belongs with an ardour and an assiduity which no temptations of pleasure or views of lucrative employment in other pursuits could allay or divert. To defray the expenses of his studies, he for a time made use of his acquirements in contributing to the general literature of the day. He was a reviewer, an essayist, and a metaphysician, and in these capacities exhibited the same closeness of investigation, and the same correctness of deduction, which have secured him his reputation in the vocation to which he now dedicates his undivided attention.

He was, whilst in his literary probation, engaged by the editor of a journal in the columns of which many of the most eminent men of this country have served

their novitiate as political, scientific, and argumentative writers on subjects connected with the public good ; and it is no little credit to his talents, integrity, and independence, to say that he fully justified the opinion which that editor had formed of his ability and honour, and by his conduct secured the friendship and respect of one of the most competent judges of merit whom I ever recollect to have met.

The subject of lunatic asylums recalls to my recollection a fact connected with the inmate of one of them, which involved the dignity, and in some degree the safety, of a female " Friend," whose restless benevolence was by the uncharitable occasionally mistaken for an impertinent propensity for prying into things with which she had no business.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, son of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, was at one time confined in a lunatic asylum. His visit to the place was fortunately but a short one, and he was pronounced perfectly *compos mentis*. A day or two before he left the place he perceived, from the unusual bustle that arose, that something of consequence was about to happen ; and he learnt from one of the subordinates that no less a person than the great Mrs. Fry, attended by a staff of females, was about to inspect the establishment. Being fond of a joke, Mr. Clarke prevailed upon one

of the keepers to introduce the lady to him. This was accordingly done. Mr. Clarke assumed the appearance of melancholy madness; the lady and her suite advanced to offer consolation and condolence; he groaned, rolled his eyes, and gibbered; they became alarmed. He made gestures indicative of a rush at the parties; they retreated towards the door in precipitation; he rose from his seat, and was in instant pursuit. "Sauve qui peut" was the word; the retreat became a flight. Mrs. Fry, whose size and age prevented celerity of movement, was upset in the attempt; the sisterhood were involved in her fall; their screams were mingled with the simulated howlings of the supposed maniac; and it was with some difficulty that they were eventually removed from the floor and out of the room. I believe Mrs. Fry did not again extend her researches into the mysteries of lunatic asylums.

When first I knew Sussex House, a prince of the blood, one portion of whose life was employed in an attempt to legitimate the children of his marriage with a noble lady, and another portion in the resistance of their claims, was occasionally located therein. The celebrated singer, Mrs. Billington, was the occupant. The vocal attractions of the corpulent Calypso were no doubt the charm by which the no longer youthful Telemachus was attracted to the spot.

The mention of royalty and a celebrated *prima donna* puts me in mind of an anecdote of His Majesty George IV., who was understood to have possessed some knowledge of music, and a not incorrect taste for its beauties.

His Royal Highness, then Prince of Wales, was present at the second commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey. The Abbey was crowded, and the heat was intense. The Prince, who was sweltering with caloric and steaming with perspiration, beheld with pain and pity a lady in the crowd fainting from the want of fresh air. "Who is that unfortunate lady?" asked he.

"It is Grisi, your Royal Highness," replied a noble lord.

"Grisi!" said the Prince, "why, I'm Grisi (greasy) too, and I suspect there's a considerable number of us who can lay claim to the name."

But to revert to the entertainments given at the house of Mr. Wyatt, and let it be observed, that though several of the people who went there brought nothing to the table but inordinate hunger and insatiable thirst, there were many others from whose contributions something beyond the mere commonplace observations of a dinner party was to be obtained. It was from one of these last mentioned that I ob-

tained a copy of the following lines, which I believe have never appeared in print. I know that the gentleman who gave them to me had shown them to Sir Walter Scott, and that Sir Walter then saw them for the first time. I print them here, because I think their sweetness deserves to be more generally diffused.

Lines presented by George, Duke of Clarence, to Lady Anne Beauchamp (a Lancastrian), during the War of the Roses :—

(The Duke presents a white rose.)

“If this fair rose offend your sight,
Placed on your bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.
But if thy ruby lips it spy,
To kiss it shouldst thou deign,
With blushes pale 'twill lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again.”

As we were on the subject of poetry, another of the guests, who was in possession of an unpublished copy of verses written by Sheridan, as he surveyed, from one of the club-houses in St. James's-street, the funeral of Brooks, the wine-merchant and money-lender, with whom he had many dealings in both branches of his business, favoured us with a recital of them, and afterwards gave me a copy.

Anything that Sheridan wrote is worth being read, and so I transcribe these lines :—

“Alas! that Brooks returned to dust,
Should pay at length the debt that we,
Averse to parchment, mortgage, trust,
Shall pay when forced—as well as he.
And die so poor too! He whose trade
Such profit cleared by draught and deed.
Though pigeons called him murmuring Brooks,
And dipped their bills in him at need,
At length his last conveyance see,
Each witness mournful as a brother,
To think that this world’s mortgagee
Must suffer judgment in another!
Where no appeals to Courts can rest,
Reversing a supreme decree;
But each decision stands confessed
A final precedent *in re.*”

A little before the completion, by Mr. Wyatt, of the colossal equestrian group, in honour of the Duke of Wellington, which now, rather oddly, surmounts the archway of the entrance from Hyde Park-corner into St. James’s Park, a large company was invited to the studio at Paddington-green to see the progress of the work. I was one of the invited, and attended. The body of the horse was not fitted up precisely in the manner of a refectory, neither was it the most commodious place for partaking of the pleasures of eating and drinking, nevertheless, I can testify to the fact that on that occasion twelve gentlemen contrived to ensconce

themselves in the abdomen of the brazen monster, and to drink the health of the artist with the honours.

“ — utero sonitum — dedere.”

The repetitions of the toast rendered it a matter of some difficulty for several of the party to emerge from the *claustra*, from which they were at length extricated by the assistance of their companions.

I mention this to convey a notion to those who have only seen that group on its present elevation, of the enormous dimensions of the horse, and of the labour and difficulty which were incurred in the casting of it.

Maginn was in everything a man of originality. He lived in an original manner, and the manner of his death was original. I will relate some of the incidents of his last moments, as they were related to me by a gentleman who was at his bedside when he was *in extremis*.

He died at Walton-on-Thames, I am sorry to say, in circumstances which rendered it totally out of his power to make any provision for his family. His placidity and philosophic resignation to his fate upheld him to the last, and what might have disturbed the last moments of a man of different temperament appeared to have little effect upon his equanimity.

He called his sons and daughters around him to receive his blessing, and to take his farewell. I am ignorant of the christian names of these young ladies and gentlemen, but it is not necessary for my description of his last words.

“You,” said he, addressing himself to one of them, “have not much talent, but I do not despair of your success in life. I have remarked, as I have passed through it, that talent has very little to do with a man’s prospects.”

“You,” addressing another, “have talent, and therefore I have no doubt you will be able to push your fortunes to a prosperous issue. Good-bye.”

“You,” addressing himself to a daughter, “are good looking and clever; there is no doubt you will do well. You will be well married;—beauty and cleverness are certain of success.”

“You,” addressing another young lady, “are neither so handsome nor so clever as your sister, but from what I have seen I know that girls get as good husbands without beauty and cleverness as with them.”

Thus he resigned himself to what was inevitable; and, perfectly satisfied that the fulfilment of his predictions would ensue, departed in peace with all the world, and in the persuasion that he had done all that was requisite to secure the happiness of those he left

behind him; and what is equally matter of astonishment and gratification to his friends is, that his observations have proved his prescience to have been beyond the extent to which most prophets can lay claim.

The death of a late illustrious personage, if not so edifying as the death of the poet Addison, shows that the complacency of egotism can help a man even in his last moments to pass with great respectability out of this world into the next.

It was, I have been told, in this manner:—

Finding his last hour approaching, he sent for a man who at that time was at the top of his profession as an advocate, and who afterwards obtained a seat on the Bench, and thus addressed him:—

“——,” said he, “I am about to leave this mortal existence. You have known me, and, I think, will concur in the retrospect I take of my past life. I have in my public career, both as a statesman and a military man, done my duty. True, I have not been so great an orator or minister as Mr. Pitt, and some others, but if I had had their opportunities I do not apprehend I should have been much behind hand with them. True, I have not commanded in the field with the *éclat* by which the Duke of Wellington has been attended, but, then, remember, I have not

had his opportunities. I have always done my duty in private life. I have been an exemplary husband, and if I had had children I have no doubt I should have been equally exemplary as a father."

Those who have read the account given by Xenophon of the death of Socrates, have now an opportunity of comparing the dignified composure attending the "closing scenes" of great men.

Being on the subject of death, it will not be out of place to make mention of what, in my recollection, occurred after it (I mean in regard only to the mortal remains of the defunct), by the inattention of two undertakers to their respective duties.

It may come under the title "mistaken identity," and was thus:—

A baronet of great wealth departed this life. The arrangements of the funeral were intrusted to Mr. —, an eminent undertaker at the West-end of the town. He was directed to prepare everything in conformity with the rank and wealth of the deceased, and to see him conveyed with all the paraphernalia of hearse, feathers, scutcheons, mutes, &c. &c., to the estate at —, in —-shire, in the west of England, in the parish church of which retired locality his remains were to await the last trump in the company of his ancestors.

At the same time that the baronet bade this world farewell, an ancient dowager of quality was gathered to her fathers. Orders were given to another *libitinarius*, Mr. —, to make arrangements for the funeral of her ladyship, and to convey the corpse to the family vault at —, also in the west of England.

It happened that somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hounslow the two processions met, and as it was then growing late, the sable functionaries of the respective funerals agreed to proceed together to the place at which they were to stop for the night, and at which, as their respective routes diverged, they were to part company the next morning.

This being agreed upon, all passed in solemn pomp along the road, the subordinates and their masters, not exactly discoursing on the vanity of worldly greatness, but rather availing themselves of those advantages which worldly wealth affords.

On arriving at the place at which they were to “put up” for the night, the coffins were removed from their respective hearses, and placed in a room provided for their security, and the whole party sought, in the indulgence of a good supper and plenty of wine, that consolation which the gloomy nature of their missions required.

It is to be regretted that, in their efforts to drive

sorrow away, they also succeeded in forcing sobriety to retire, and long before the time fixed for the departure of the two groups, both masters and men were too drunk to be very clear as to what they were about. However, after some delay, the coffins were replaced in the hearses, and, one funeral procession taking one road and one the other, the revellers of the evening parted company.

In due time the remains reached their long homes, but when it was too late to repair the mistake, Mr. —, the undertaker of — street, made the awful discovery, that instead of the carcase of the baronet which had been placed under his care, he had got possession of the body of the noble dowager, which had been intrusted to Mr. — of — street, whilst this last-mentioned gentleman was for a moment horrified to find that he had exchanged all that remained of an old lady for all that remained of an old gentleman. The exchange of the coffins and their contents was fortunately not perceived by any one but those engaged in keeping the blunder secret; the baronet sleeps quietly amongst strangers, and the dowager, embalmed in the tears which were meant for another, occupies his crypt in the village vault of —.

Mr. John Ward was an English gentleman of the

old school ; indeed, the school to which he belonged could never have been anything else than an old one, and he himself bore no appearances about him that he had ever been anything else than a man who had reached maturity without passing through the grades by which it is generally arrived at.

He had a good estate in Kent, to which county he was said to have originally belonged. When I knew him he lived in the west of England, and kept a pack of hounds, which followed the foxes in Wiltshire and the lower part of Berkshire.

Mr. Ward, though a heavy man, was in some respects a tolerably fast one. His hounds, I regret to say, partook of the weight of their master, without the advantage of the celerity of motion which is so desirable in a good pack.

He was one morning out early in the field, cheering the "cry" of his dogs, when, in passing through a gateway into a field, a knowing-looking sylvan, who had the reputation of being a poacher, made him the rustic obeisance which his dignity exacted. The fellow had a grin upon his countenance which attracted the attention of the squire, who, knowing the character of his customer, was resolved to discover what it meant.

"Well, man," said he, "have you seen the fox?"

“ Yes, master,” replied the man ; “ I have just seen him go through the gap.”

“ Did he see you ?”

“ Yes, he did ;” and the grin became more decided.

“ Well, fool, what did he say to you ?”

“ He axed me whose hounds were out this morning ?”

“ He did ! what did you tell him ?”

“ I told him they were Master Ward’s hounds.”

“ Well, what then ?”

“ And he replied, ‘ Thank ye, farmer ; then I’ve no need to hurry myself, so good-morning.’ ”

CHAPTER IX.

Theatres—Saloons in Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Haymarket
 Theatres—Donaldson, the Bow Street Officer—Passages in his
 Life—Strange Death—Mrs. Bartram and Jew Bella—A Fight—
 State of Morals—Vauxhall Gardens—Bradbury, the Clown—
 Mental Aberration—Simpson, the Master of the Ceremonies—
 Epistolary Specimens—George Stansbury—John Nash—A
 Slight Refection—Widdicomb—The Nepaulese Princes—Mr.
 Barnett and the Brougham Division—Mr. Batty—A Man with
 a Heart in his Belly—Ingenious Expedient, &c.

FIFTY years ago there were only three theatres in London in which what was called the “legitimate” drama could be performed—Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and the Haymarket theatres. The two first of these were open for the winter season, the third was only open in the summer months. The actors were good, and the dramas of a quality averaging about the worth of such things as are now produced.

These theatres were better attended than theatres are at the present time, but it must be taken into consideration, that it was not the attractions of the stage that induced the majority of people to go to

them: it was what took place in the saloons of the establishments that filled the houses with visitors and the pockets of the proprietors with money.

It is a notorious fact, within the recollections of thousands of people, that the saloons of the theatres were bazaars in which were assembled nightly hundreds of women of the town, tricked out, and arrayed in all the meretricious display of finery and dress, by which their appearance could be enhanced and their somewhat faded charms renovated and restored.

Their presence induced the attendance of young men and old, who flocked in hundreds to the great market of profligacy which formed their inducement to go to a play-house. The sort of conversation, the behaviour, and the *tout ensemble* of such scenes, I leave to the imagination of those who have not been present thereat; those who have been present will require no description at my hands to refresh their memories. Fortunately, now-a-days, such scenes exist not, morality is not so openly insulted, and so far the public are gainers.

At each end of the saloons in which these people were assembled was a bar, at which wines, spirits, &c. were sold. These were well attended, and were a considerable source of emolument, uniting the profits of a tavern to those of a brothel.

The police arrangements were intrusted to the officers of Bow-street, three or four in number at each house, and to dignify the perpetrations both on and off the stage a guard of soldiers protected the entrances in the street, the whole being supposed to be under the patronage of royalty.

Covent-garden Theatre, and the morals and property of those by whom it was frequented, were under the especial supervision of a man named Donaldson, a principal officer of Bow-street. This man never bore very high reputation for virtue of any sort. He was, however, perfectly acquainted with the haunts proceedings, practices, and plans of thieves, pick-pockets, and rogues; and in the state of London at the time I speak of his services were found useful.

Wherever a mob of people are assembled, there a commensurate number of the classes just mentioned will be assembled also. "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together; *vulgariter*, where the carrion is, there will the crows be." There was plenty of carrion in the saloons of the theatres, and plenty of pickpockets were there also.

Donaldson was accustomed from time to time to exclaim with a loud voice—"Take care of your pockets."

Most persons considered this exclamation as a

warning to the unwary. Others less charitably inclined, affirmed that it was a notice given to the pick-pockets to be on the look out, and take heed who the gentlemen were who immediately on the utterance of the words put their hands in their pockets to ascertain that the contents were safe, and thus furnished the thieves with a clue to where they could go to work with the greatest chance of success.

I had occasion to employ the services of this minister of justice on one emergency. A servant, whom I had discharged, entered the house I lived in, one morning, under pretence of making some inquiry, and on his departure, a silver milk-pot and some other articles of plate were found to have departed also.

I gave Donaldson a guinea to come and examine the other servants. He came, took a seat in the parlour, partook of meat and drink, and examined in his way all the inmates of the premises. His interrogatory was short and uniform,

“Have you *free gress* and *regress* into the house?” and of course produced no effective result. Having concluded his examination and his meal, he retired with a significant wink of the eye, declaring it was “all right,” and he would soon let me know more about it.

About a week after I met the man I had discharged, at the end of Castle-street: he no sooner saw me than he "bolted." I pursued him; he rushed into a hovel in an adjacent court. I followed him, collared him, and in spite of his resistance dragged him along the street to the Bow-street Police-office. The sitting magistrate, Hicks, had him searched; a long iron instrument, apparently formed for hooking property out of shop windows, was found upon him, and various duplicates of property pledged at pawn-brokers. I stated my case and my suspicions, and asked for a remand of the prisoner, till I could procure witnesses. Mr. Hicks, who, by the bye, was more fit to scrape lint and rinse gallipots at a hospital than to sit as a dispenser of the law, talked learnedly about the rules of evidence, the liberty of the subject, and matters of that sort, dismissed the case, liberated the prisoner, and gave me a rebuke.

I of course retired; within a week the man discharged was apprehended for a burglary, and it then came out that my suspicions as to his having robbed me were correct.

Donaldson's death was as strange as his life. He was sitting amongst the company at the Brown Bear, Bow-street, indulging in the things in which he and his associates delighted, and in that kind of

discourse which expands distinctions of opinions into a mode of argumentation that neglects all distinctions whatever. After the re-establishment of order, the company resumed their seats, and everything went on well for some time. One of the party, looking round, asked, "What's become of Donaldson?" "Oh," replied another, "he's 'cut.'" The conversation was renewed, and some regret expressed at the absence of him, by whose contributions it was generally enlivened. After some time, a gentleman present observed, "Here's a dog fast asleep under the table; I have kicked him several times, but he wont move, and now he has rolled round against my legs."

"Turn him out," said the landlord; "I'll have no dogs here," and stooping down he laid hold of what he thought was the dog, when, to his alarm and surprise, he perceived the body of Donaldson, who had passed from "life into death," with a suddenness and under circumstances which startled the apathy of those assembled, though accustomed to scenes of horror.

Amongst the "ladies" who were in the habit of frequenting the theatrical saloons, and taking an active part in the amusements and business of the evening, were two, the most notorious courtezans of the time. One of these fair frailties I have already

said a word or two about—Mrs. Bartram, alias “Mother Bang,” the other “Jew Bella,” or Jewess. I remember on one occasion a battle between these two interesting specimens of the fair sex; the company, so far from attempting to part the combatants, encouraged the conflict, and what commenced as a single combat was on the point of becoming a *mêlée*, when the additional assistance of constables put an end to the disgraceful scene.

These things were of continual recurrence, and were rather an attraction to visitors than otherwise.

“Mother Bang,” after a career of prostitution and infamy, became the companion of a man who drove an omnibus. Being resolved to make herself useful, she assumed the costume of a “cad,” or conductor, and in that capacity might be heard shouting behind the carriage, “Bank!” &c. &c., as it rumbled along the New-road into the City.

Those who appeared on the stage in these days were, in external decency at least, not so respectable as their successors. The drunken vulgarity of John Reeve and several others was more detestable than anything we now see; and I much doubt if comic talent, however great, would prevent an actor who indulged in the disgusting liberties for which Reeve was notorious from being hooted off the boards.

The scenes which were exhibited in the saloons and lobbies have been transferred to more appropriate places. Casinos are under the restraint of comparative decorum, and the interposition of the police can be procured, when things become too bad, to prevent the repetition of indecency and riot.

Whether or not London be more moral than it was fifty years ago, is a question to which to give an answer requires great powers of discrimination, uninterrupted experience, and strict impartiality. I confess I am hardly able to make up my mind as to what to reply. I believe there is less open vice, less flagrant indecorum, and less obtrusive profligacy. There is as much or more hypocrisy, more cant, and more pretence to propriety than formerly. External decency of behaviour is more generally assumed. Appearances are better kept up amongst a large class, and the alterations in the law and the establishment of the police have placed a more stringent restraint upon the vices of the lower class. Education, and the diffusion of intelligence amongst the masses, have humanized a good deal that was formerly brutal: and though a great deal too much of what is brutal unfortunately still exists, society to a certain extent has been a gainer by the alteration.

Amongst the higher classes, the barefaced profligacy

gacy which displayed itself towards the conclusion of the last century, and to a great extent flaunted in defiance of a better sense of feeling within the first quarter of the present, has been scouted by all but universal reprehension; and though a very vitiated practice may or rather does exist in the privacy of many great and many little people, the requirements of society, as now constituted, force the most abandoned to be upon their guard, and to

“Assume a virtue, if *they* have it not.”

Political corruption, the preference of selfish interest to the public good, rapacity for power and place, neglect of obvious duties, subserviency to party, the *auri sacra flammæ*, which stifles generous feelings, and makes hands, once clean, dirty with dirty work, I regret to say exists, as far as my observations go, to an extent as great or greater than ever.

The simulated sanctity of saintly counterfeits, the noisy vociferations of professional patriots, the petulant volubility of mendacious statesmen, have suffered no diminution within the scope of my experience. The events of the last few months show rather an increase than a decline in such things.

Vauxhall Gardens have undergone little change within my recollection. The place was certainly attended fifty years ago by people of a more aristo-

cratic rank than it has been of late years. George IV., when Prince of Wales, and his brothers, were formerly amongst the visitors, and their presence attracted other people, who thought it expedient to do as their betters did, and imitate the practices of the great. It was at that time decorated with better pictures than the daubs by which the walls of the boxes are now covered; but the amusements, the fire-works, and the illumination of the coloured lamps, were neither so much diversified, so numerous, or so brilliant. I never recollect it resembling the account given in the "Spectator," either as to warbling of the birds, or the beauty of the groves, &c. The slices of ham were as transparent fifty years ago as they are now; the chickens were as diminutive as now-a-days; the charges were equally extravagant. People did not drink so much champagne, but they contrived to get the headache with arrack punch, and kettles of "burnt" wine were in more request than brandy and water.

The vocal performances were better, the concerts were better conducted; the dancing was much the same as now, and those who took part in it were neither morally nor physically any better than their successors.

I have met many strange people here, seen some

strange sights, and passed through some strange adventures. I shall say nothing about the sights and adventures; I will say a word or two about some of the people.

Bradbury, the celebrated clown of his time, was a constant visitor at the gardens. He was a raw-boned, impudent bully, very fond of insulting other people, and exhibiting his strength of limb and skill as a boxer to the dismay and terror of the company. I had the pleasure one night of seeing him "catch a Tartar," and retreat from the scene of the exploit with two black eyes and a bloody nose.

I recollect one evening, I think it was at Drury-lane Theatre, this man, in the character of the clown in a pantomime, coming on the stage in company with the pantaloon. "Here we are," said the fellow, as the introductory address to the audience, and at the same moment two sheriff's officers, who had been for some time in search of him, sprang from the pit upon the stage. "And here we are," said they; and so saying, collared the object of their solicitude, and carried him off to a "lock-up" house.

Some time after this, Bradbury was on a professional tour in the country, in the course of which he arrived at Portsmouth, and took up his quarters at one of the principal inns. It so happened that a lieutenant of

the navy was staying at the same inn at the same time ; the lieutenant was a member of an honourable family. I know his name, but think it right not to make mention of it. One night, after everybody had retired to rest, Bradbury, who was lying awake in bed, perceived by the light of a rush candle some one enter his room, and explore, with scrutinizing eye, the state and contents of the apartment. Although "wide awake" in more senses than one of the words, he feigned sleep, and deceived the intruder into a notion that he really was so. The intruder proceeded to put his hand under the pillow of the bed, and extract therefrom a watch and a purse, with which he was about to retreat, when the owner sprang up and effectually prevented his exit. The noise of the struggle between the parties brought a third person, the "Boots," into the room. The thief, who turned out to be the lieutenant, was given into the custody of a police-officer, charged with robbery. A true bill was found against him by the grand jury, and the trial came on at the ensuing assizes for the county. In the mean time, the "Boots" had been "squared" and walked off. Serjeant somebody, who was "concerned" for the prosecution, regretted his absence, and the more so, as he informed the court and the jury, with the forensic pathos usual on

such occasions, that the principal witness, Mr. Bradbury, had, since the finding of the bill by the grand jury, been subjected, by the dispensation of a mysterious but all-merciful Providence, to the loss of his reason, and was at that moment the unconscious inmate of a lunatic asylum, from which there was no hope of his removal till death should kindly come to his release. Under these circumstances the lieutenant was acquitted for want of evidence. Fortunately for Bradbury, the opinion of the learned serjeant, as to the duration of his detention at the lunatic asylum, proved incorrect. He recovered his reason within a marvellously short time after the acquittal of the accused, enjoyed it during the rest of his days, and, what was a little strange, was by some mysterious dispensation periodically supplied with money wherewith to live and flourish in the manner in which he rejoiced!

One of the celebrities of Vauxhall was Mr. Simpson, many years *arbiter elegantiarum*, master of the ceremonies of the place. The appearance of this gentleman was in keeping with the oddity of his character. He was a short man, with a large head, a plain face, pitted with the small-pox, a thin thatch of hair plastered with pomatum and powder. His body and limbs were encased in black cloth of antique

cut, and occasionally his head was covered with a hat as heavy as a coal-scuttle, or a life-guard'sman's helmet. This awkwardly constructed piece of felt was more often in his hand than on his head. He was continually bowing to everybody he met, and the incessant moving of his arm and the hat at the end of it resembled the motion of a parish pump-handle in full play. He was the very climax of obsolete politeness; the most obsequious and painstaking man to oblige everybody, and express his gratitude for their condescension in giving trouble, that I ever remember to have met with. The oddity of his gestures was only equalled by the singular phraseology in which he gave utterance to his proffers of service, and his thanks to those who availed themselves of it. As his literary effusions are as distinct as can be imagined from everything that has hitherto appeared in print, and as the epistolatory literature of England is not very rich in the letters of great men, I will give a specimen or two of Mr. Simpson's style, to redeem, in some degree, the poverty which has been deplored:—

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.

23rd August, 1834, Saturday, Two O'clock.

“HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND MOST EMINENT SIR,—I again most dutifully and most respectfully return

you, my most eminent sir, my most heartfelt thanks for that most magnificent piece of composition which you, eminent sir, was so graciously pleased to insert in praise of my humble person, in your wise and talented journal of this morning, and which great favour I shall endeavour, by every means in my power, to return with gratitude. But unfortunately for me, kind sir, as the proprietors have commenced that foolish shilling admission, all free admission is entirely superseded, and I am totally deprived of the happiness of inclosing for the amusement of your amiable friends next week (as I fully intended) either some orders or my own private tickets. But unfortunately for me, sir, both my own tickets as well as my orders are now entirely suspended; and which, I do assure you, sir, grieves me to the soul, as I cannot inclose some for your amiable friends. However, sir, I hope to return the favour. Again thanking you, eminent sir, most truly and sincerely for all your kindnesses to me,

“I have the honour to remain, with gratitude,

“Highly esteemed and most eminent sir,

“Your obedient and devoted servant,

“C. N. SIMPSON.”

ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL, AND 31, HOLYWELL-STREET,
MILBANK, WESTMINSTER.

21st July, 1834.

“HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND MOST EMINENT SIR,—
With every mark of the most grateful duty, I entreat to return my most grateful thanks for the very generous and splendid manner in which you, most eminent sir, was graciously pleased to speak of my humble person and my benefit in your truly fashionable and invaluable journal of yesterday morning; and for such unbounded kindness to me, generous sir, I shall never cease to testify my most unbounded gratitude for the same, and, most eminent sir, the very moment orders are granted, I shall have the very high honour of sending you some for your amiable friends. I shall also, as a mark of gratitude to you, eminent sir, the very moment my second benefit is fixed, I shall do myself the honour of enclosing you two of my own benefit tickets for two of your truly amiable friends to visit our Royal Gardens as soon as my benefit night.

“I have the honour to remain, with every sense of gratitude,

“Highly esteemed sir,

“Your very devoted servant,

“C. N. SIMPSON.”

Amongst the vocalists was George Stansbury, a man of considerable musical knowledge, admirable taste, and a facility of adaptation of the music of others, which made him very valuable as the conductor of a concert or of the orchestra of a theatre. A particular friend of Stansbury was Mr. Paul Bedford, with whose merits the public are so well acquainted that it is needless for me to enlarge upon them. The praise that I could give would only bring superfluous blushes upon cheeks which nature and art have combined to tint in a manner that requires no additional floridity. Another friend of the vocalist was Mr. John Nash, better known as "Jack" Nash, a gentleman who had passed through many stages of the journey of existence, and contrived to follow the advice, *dum vivimus vivamus*, which he translated, "whilst we travel through life, let us live on the road," both to the letter and in the spirit.

I formed one of a party of four, at a dinner given by Stansbury at his residence in Melina-place. It was a bet dinner, and it had been understood that nothing was to be placed on the table but a leg of pork and potatoes. Stansbury, who had lost the wager, adjourned the dinner for so many months, that his reputation for prompt payment was some-

thing damaged by the delay, and whether it was to remove the tarnish from his honour, or from a natural magnanimity of disposition, he was resolved to astonish his guests and regain their estimation of his character. The board literally groaned beneath the weight of the viands placed upon it. At one end was a huge tureen, containing several gallons of soup, "thick and slab" as the broth of the witches; at the other a cod fish, as large as a grampus, and almost as formidable in appearance. A whole barrel of "natives," which "astonished" their namesakes, stewed in scalding butter was an accessorial arrangement, and a bushel of potatoes boiled and served up in their "jackets," formed the first course. Each guest was supplied with a foaming tankard of "stout," and bottles of port and sherry were placed at intervals.

The lady who acted as the mistress of the house, and was introduced as Mrs. Stansbury, though dissimilar from the "neat handed Phillis" of Milton, had concocted the "messes" with equal attention to the tastes of the guests. With the assistance of a bluff headed Maritornes, steaming with perspiration, and stained with grease and soot, she contrived with some difficulty to remove the soup and fish, and to supply their places with an enormous piece of roast beef and a leg of boiled pork, that must when living have belonged

to the largest specimen of hog's flesh ever crammed for the Smithfield Show. Then came two apple-pies and a plum-pudding on a scale of magnitude to shock the fastidious delicacy of modern times. Mr. Stansbury both by precept and example encouraged the guests to do justice to the feast, and promoted the absorption of the fluids by repeated invitation to "take wine."

"Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit"

may be very true, but I confess I was never so happy as when I made my escape from the accumulated profusion of this enormous dinner.

As it was totally impossible for Stansbury and his lady to consume the fragments of the feast without assistance, they invited the dramatic corps of the Surrey Theatre to lighten their labours, and the appetites of the ladies and gentlemen of that establishment being as accommodating as their condescension, the whole was next day "cleared out," and no "wreck" left behind.

On the death of Simpson, the proprietors of Vauxhall had great difficulty in finding a gentleman competent to succeed him. They very soon discovered, as Mr. W. Farren said of himself, that there was but one "cock salmon" in the market! They had lost the "oddest fish" that had been for many years the great

“feature” of the place, and though there were many “odd fish” to be had, they despaired of replacing their loss.

In this dilemma the well known Mr. Widdicomb, whose preternatural longevity and extraordinary retention of youth procured him the title of “immortal,” was appointed to the vacant office. He did his best, but was not very successful in his endeavours, and he very properly, after a short time, returned to his duties at Astley’s Theatre, where his merits were properly appreciated by the public.

The mastership of the ceremonies was then put in “commission ;” but the commissioners being remarkable for nothing but dulness and debauchery, their services were dispensed with, and the office has not hitherto been filled up.

On the visit of the Nepaulese princes to this country they became great patrons of Vauxhall, and were to be met with there continually. Jung Bahadoor, His Highness, who exercised a tyrannic rule over his brothers and his suite, either from his solicitude for their morals or anxiety for his money, never suffered them to have a shilling in their pockets on occasion of their visits to the Gardens. Now, as the ladies and gentlemen who usually attend there are not in the habit of devoting their attentions to anybody, how-

ever exalted his rank or amiable his disposition may be, without a pecuniary remuneration, these interesting young gentlemen, in extending the circle of their acquaintance amongst the company, were feign to borrow a sovereign or so of those who would lend it, to support their position and partake of those enjoyments which the discipline of their commander denied them. I am very happy to have it in my power to say, that these small loans were always repaid with the strictest punctuality.

Jung Bahadoor himself, though most considerate for the purity of his brothers, was somewhat latitudinarian in his own habits of enjoyment, and somewhat lavish in the expenses with which they were attended. He formed a liaison at Vauxhall with the notorious Laura Bell, and cemented his attachment by an outlay of several hundred sovereigns.

Mr. Morris Barnett became at one time connected with the "royal property." I hardly know in what capacity his talents were employed, but I think the engagement of the musicians, the performers, and the dramatic and equestrian *employés*, was under his superintendence. He had also a power over the "free list," and in the exercise of that power was looked up to as a person of no small importance. It required a man of temper as well as experience to

exercise such a power in a satisfactory and judicious manner. I have no doubt his experience was equal to the task assigned him, and I know his temper had sufficient trials to vex it.

I met him one day in a state of more than usual excitement, and in a hurry of movement which he was not in the habit of exhibiting.

“What,” said I, “is the matter? You seem in a prodigious bustle.”

“The Brougham division,” answered he.

“The Brougham division! What do you mean?”

“The Brougham division,—the women who keep Broughams and come in them to the gardens. These women are on the free list. But, would you believe it, the ——” (here he made use of a term by which females of the canine *genus* are specified) “are not able to write their names in the book, and I am going to get ‘bones’ for them, that they may be passed at the doors.”

It may be necessary to inform some readers that “bones” are ivory tickets of admission used at theatres, &c.

I have mentioned Mr. Widdicomb. I will relate a story of one of his employers, Mr. Batty, who was proprietor of Astley’s Theatre during part of Widdicomb’s engagements there.

Mr. Batty began his professional life, to use his own description, "with a prad and a monkey." The "prad," or horse, conveyed him from one fair to another, and assisted his master and the monkey in the performance of various tricks and eccentricities. The trio lived lovingly together, and picked up at times a humble competency. Times were sometimes hard, and it was during the hardness which a want of appreciation of his merits occasioned, that Batty, who was in despair, was lucky enough to find the shoe of a donkey. He received the omen as one of future success, kept the bit of iron about his person as a popish devotee would keep the relic of a saint, and from that moment dated the advancement of his fortune and his progress to riches.

He became in due time the proprietor of Astley's Amphitheatre, the summit of his ambition. His predecessors had both established a code of regulations for the government of the establishment, which was apparently coercive and severe; his fertility of invention and ingenuity of contrivance begot improvements, which kept order, and which, when order was broken, put money in his pocket.

Thus he was accustomed to go into the stable amongst the grooms and helpers, and address them in this manner:

“My boys, I’m a man with a heart in my belly; when it turns up trumps for me, I take care that you share in my luck. I have a heart in my belly. Last night I’d a good house, so here’s half-a-sovereign among you to drink success to the concern. But remember the regulation. Whoever kicks up a row forfeits a week’s wages. Be merry and wise. I’m a man with a heart in my belly.”

The consequence of this seeming generosity was nine times out of ten the “row” which Mr. Batty had deprecated. The gin and beer caused a fermentation in the tempers of the recipients; old jealousies were revived, old quarrels renewed, and a “battle royal” was the result. The proprietor entered when the affray was at its height, rebuked the combatants, and mulcted each and all of them a week’s wages. This novel method of showing he had “a heart in his belly,” was a means of raising his reputation for liberality, and at the same time increasing the contents of his purse.

Having made a great deal of money he retired, took a house at Golder’s Green, and being resolved to acquire the respect of his neighbours, as well as to increase his very limited knowledge of the doctrines of the Church of England, no edifice connected with which, he was accustomed to say, he had ever

entered but twice in his life—viz., when he was christened, and when he was married, he rented a pew in the district chapel, and regularly attended the services performed therein.

He described his proceedings in the following manner:—

“I’ve been a bad man, but I’ve got a heart in my belly. I’ve got a pooh (pew) at the church, just for all the world like a box at a booth! I bought a stunning rale prayer-book, not a property prayer-book (a sham book used on the stage), a rale prayer-book, bound in rale red morocco, with beautiful silk garters, for all the world like the garters in the ring. I’ve called on the parson, had the “creams” put to the “drag,” and gived him a *horder* for Astley’s. Fine man. A reg’lar cove to cackle; can’t he cut whids (speak to the purpose) neither! I’ve been a bad man, but it’s all right; he pitched it pretty strong, but it’s a great consolation I’ve a heart in my belly.”

Whether the ministerial labours of the reverend gentleman, on whose eloquence he passed the compliment above-mentioned, succeeded in softening the heart which Mr. Batty carried in his belly, is not known to me. Mr. Batty has been, since he related the progress of his reformation, disabled by the stroke of death from carrying his resolutions of amendment to the point which he no doubt attempted to reach.

CHAPTER X.

Smugglers—Kentish Knockers—Borrowing a Boat—Christ Church, Hants—Expedient in Smuggling Wine—The New Forest—Sir William Curtis's Yacht—The First Steamer in Margate Harbour—Lord Falkland and Pogie Powell—Major O'Shaughnessy and his Brother—The Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary and the Rev. Mr. Bailey—An Action for False Imprisonment—A Tiger Story—Captain Polhill and Miss Clifton—The Victory—Lord Nelson—A First Appearance on any Stage—Boulogne—Duelling—Tréport—Louis Philippe—Their Majesties George III., George IV., and William IV.

I MUST say a few words about the practices of smugglers. The alterations of the Custom-house laws have made so complete a change in the habits of the numerous class which comes under the category of "long-shore" people, that those who have not witnessed what took place in connexion with them a few years ago, might almost doubt the truth of the stories told of them, if they were not supported by evidence too strong to be resisted.

It was before my time that gangs of forty or fifty smugglers might be seen on the Dover and Brighton roads, well mounted on strong hardy horses, with

half-ankers of brandy and Hollands slung across their saddle-bows, well armed, and prepared to resist force with force, making their way to London, and crossing Westminster-bridge in defiance of the laws. I have known many persons who have seen such groups, and testified to the perfect impunity with which the "free traders" of those days carried on business. My own experience enables me to testify to some curious facts in which the immediate descendants of this class were engaged.

When a boy, I lived in a house my father had in a wild part of Surrey, Combe, about a mile and a half on the left of Croydon, going from London, at a corner of the Addington Hills. The house was almost isolated; it had originally been a farm-house, and was surrounded with barns, stables, and out-houses. The whole of these have long been pulled down, and the place is more desolate now than it was fifty years ago. We were frequently disturbed in the night by the most unaccountable noises; the trampling of many horses, the *putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum*, with "bit and bridle ringing," accompanied with the hum of voices, &c., which sounded not unlike the noises with which the phantom hunters of the Black Forest are accompanied in the descriptions of German romance writers.

It was not long before we discovered the cause of all this. About twenty or thirty men and horses were in the habit of quartering themselves, as their occasions required, in our barn. They were a mixed congregation of "Kentish Knockers," or smugglers from the Kentish Knock, gipsies, and assistant contrabandists from London. Here they arranged in what manner to "run" their goods to the metropolis, and having done so, retired and left the barn to its proper owners. They never committed the slightest injury to the place, nor did we ever suffer in any way from their depredations. We certainly received a hint not to be too curious in prying into their proceedings, which we took in good part, and as they left us alone, we did not meddle with their affairs.

The New Forest and the Hampshire coast were the scenes of similar transactions. The smugglers and their confederates were too strong for the ordinary force of the Custom-house, and when extraordinary force was brought against them, many sanguinary encounters were the result. Those who knew the character of these people were not very fond of coming into hostile contact with them, and both high and low rather connived at their doings than endeavoured to put them down.

A man who has long retired from this kind of business is still living, and after having weathered, both metaphorically and actually, many a storm, and been in many a fearful encounter with parties of the Custom-house officers, coast-guards, and revenue cutters, is in possession of a good estate in Oxfordshire, respected by his neighbours, and beloved by the poor of his neighbourhood, to whom he has been a very active benefactor. With him I am acquainted. I shall not mention his name, neither shall I mention that of a gentleman of fortune in Hampshire who is still alive, as the anecdotes I am about to relate will do quite as well without it.

On one occasion a considerable quantity of brandy, gin, &c., being arrived off the coast of Christ Church, Hants, and the weather being exceedingly rough, all the boats employed in landing contraband cargoes were staved by the tremendous surf on the beach. P—— knew that a gentleman, Mr. ——, lived about half-a-mile from the shore; the gale had abated, and the moment was propitious for landing. He was aware that this gentleman had a boat lying high and dry in his barn, and that this boat was the only one to be had. Without delay he and upwards of a hundred of his followers marched up, about an hour after midnight, to the house of the gentleman.

P—— knocked loudly at the door, and the gentleman, aroused from his sleep, put his head out of window, and demanded what was the occasion of the visit at that hour. “Oh, Mr. B——,” answered P——, “we want your father’s boat, all our own are rendered useless, and lie staved on the beach.”

“Why, P——,” replied Mr. B——, “I cannot lend you the boat; you know that would not do. I say I cannot lend it, but at the same time I cannot prevent you from breaking into the barn in which it is locked up, and taking it away with you.”

“Ay, ay, sir! many thanks, and good night.”

In the course of a very few minutes the padlock on the barn doors was broken, the doors opened, and the boat hoisted on the shoulders of a dozen or fourteen sturdy operatives, transported to the beach, and launched. The whole cargo was landed in safety, the boat safely returned, and a new padlock replaced that which had been broken.

A gentleman wishing to procure a quantity of champagne and claret of the very best quality, and in the days of which I am speaking such wines were not to be procured but at an enormous scale of charge, asked P—— if he could contrive to procure it for him. “Certainly,” replied P——, and immediately went to work after his manner.

The vessel containing the wine arrived in due time upon the coast; but, unfortunately, at the critical moment, the Custom-house officers were keeping so sharp a look-out at the proposed place of landing, a sequestered spot near High Cliff, Christ Church, that it became necessary to land near the Isle of Portland. The whole cargo was safely got on shore. P——, whose genius was fertile in expedients and sharpened by necessity, adopted an ingenious method for its conveyance by land. He had the wine packed in hampers, directed “for General Sir Henry Clinton, K.C.B., near Lymington.” The wine arrived safely at its real place of destination, and was highly approved of by the gentleman into whose possession it came, and by his friends, who did not fail to drink the healths of the gallant General and the sagacious consignor. P——, on being asked the reason of directing the hampers in the above manner, replied, “Did you suppose I was fool enough to have directed to you such a suspicious looking cargo, or to any man like yourself? No; I knew the only way to escape suspicion and capture was to address them to a great man, to whom no suspicion could attach, so I chose the General as the nominal consignee, and you see my plan has been successful.”

This man had for some years an immense store of all kinds of contraband goods, deposited in a sort of subterranean excavation beneath the flooring of a house in the New Forest; the entrance to the excavation was beneath the fireplace of the lower room of the house, and was discovered by the simplicity of a child to a custom-house officer during the absence of the inmates. The officer having procured assistance, &c., returned to possess himself of his prize. P—— was, however, too sharp for him, and whilst he and his men were actually in possession of the premises, contrived to rescue the greatest portion of his stores, and send them off in carts.

I several times accompanied Sir William Curtis, the first baronet of that name, in his yacht to Ramsgate, of the pier and harbour of which place he was a commissioner, and at which he had a good house. The yacht was a Dutch-built vessel of very peculiar appearance, and was well known all along the coast. Some smugglers procured a vessel of similar appearance, and had her painted and rigged so as closely to resemble Sir William's. They employed her for some time successfully in the contraband trade. The custom-house officers were deceived by her appearance, and it was not until she had performed a sufficient number of trips between the Continent and

England to secure a very large profit that the imposture was discovered.

I was at Margate when the first steamer between that place and London came into the harbour. I remember standing on the pier with my father, who had been an officer in the Royal Navy, Captain Mackenzie, who at that time was in command of the "Zenobia," Captain O'Shaughnessy, R.N., and Major O'Shaughnessy, his brother. The wind was blowing fresh, and there was a heavy sea. The steamer rolled a good deal, and was awkward in her motion; everybody was ridiculing the idea of a steamer attempting a sea voyage, and the three naval men I have mentioned were laughing at the performance. It was unanimously agreed that the thing was an absurdity, and that the only place for a steamer was a canal. Experience very shortly proved that a steamer could not only travel between London and Margate, but that she could also cross the Atlantic, and that the only place in which she could not be of use was on a canal, the effect of her paddles on the water washing away the banks or undermining them. So much for people's judgment as to the progress of improvement and science.

Whilst I was at this time staying at Margate I accompanied Captain O'Shaughnessy over to Kings-

gate, to be present at an interview which he had with Mr. Powell, better known as "Pogie" Powell, the prefix to his name being placed there in consequence of his peculiarity of appearance and natural stupidity of disposition. "Pogie" had long been made the butt of his fashionable acquaintance, and at length received so marked an insult from Lord Falkland, who was accustomed to inflict his insolence on all whom he thought he could bully, that "Pogie" was obliged to resent it. Lord Falkland was known to be a good shot at pistol practice; "Pogie" knew nothing of deadly weapons; and when a hostile meeting was to come off, he was booked by his friends as a dead man. The business, however, turned out quite contrary to universal expectation. "Pogie" killed his antagonist, and escaped unhurt. This exploit secured him from future affronts, and he was looked up to as a person of some respectability. Captain O'Shaughnessy was a proficient in the art of duelling, and had been "out" on several occasions. His brother, the major, who was a red-hot, fire-eating Irishman, was a still greater adept in such pastime; and, to use his own words, he "was in the habit of taking his opponent by the nose whenever he warmed in a controversy." It was thought by his friends that the business with "Pogie" could be

better arranged without his presence. It fortunately was arranged, without any unpleasant episode, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The major, shortly after, went out with his regiment to India, where, in the course of his proceedings, he made such strong love to a native princess, that he was waylaid on one of his visits to her place of residence, murdered after a desperate struggle, and thrown down a well, from which his body was not until some days afterwards rescued. The captain died at Paris, like a peaceable man, in his bed, to which he had been confined by illness. Had he survived the illness it was next to an impossibility that he would have escaped a violent death, as he was engaged as a man of honour to figure as a principal in at least half-a-dozen duels with men who had the reputation of being first-rate shots!

Professed duellists, like some other pests of society, have, by the progress of civilization, been driven from this country; the breed still unfortunately exists in the more barbarous countries of the Continent, and on the other side of the Atlantic.

Whilst at Margate I was witness to a disturbance of the propriety of the Isle of Thanet, which occasioned a good deal of discussion and ill-blood.

The vicar, or rector of Margate, was a Mr. Bailey.

This person, to a certain degree was, and to a greater degree aspired to be, king, priest, and prophet of the place. He had long directed, as he thought proper, the arrangements and economy of the Sea-bathing Infirmary, and when an opposition was offered to his plans and projects by others who had an equal right to be consulted on the affairs of that charity, he exercised his influence as a magistrate in preventing the annual ball in aid of the funds from being held at the Royal Hotel, and refused to permit a charity sermon to be preached in his church.

The patrons and subscribers to the hospital were determined that his conduct should not prevent a ball and a subscription coming off.

The ball accordingly took place in what was then "Bettison's Library," and a very good ball it was; and about a dozen gentlemen, some of them visitors to Margate, and others persons of the highest respectability in the county of Kent, published placards and handbills, announcing that on the following Sunday they should take their respective places at the entrances of the church and the church-yard, with plates in their hands, to receive such charitable contributions towards the support of the Infirmary as the charitably disposed might be willing to afford.

At this announcement Mr. Bailey waxed wroth,

and put forth a manifesto in which he stated that the meditated collecting of money was contrary to law, and that he, as a magistrate in the execution of his duty, should consider all persons holding plates for collecting money as rogues, vagabonds, and beggars, and as such commit them to the cage; and to show that he was in earnest he had the cage cleaned out, and a supply of straw placed in it as an accommodation for the culprits.

On the Sunday the parties took their places with their plates at the entrances to the church and church-yard, and obtained a larger amount of money than the eloquence of the reverend gentleman had ever been known to procure on occasions of the annual sermon. He, however, failed not to put his threat into execution. The whole of the plate-holders were seized upon by the beadles and constables, and conveyed to durance vile. Their abode there was, however, not very long. Whether the parson cooled, or his legal adviser gave him a hint that he was going a little beyond his authority, it is not necessary to inquire. The prisoners were released.

The business did not end here; they put their case into the hands of an eminent solicitor, and brought an action for false imprisonment against his reverence. The trial was about to come on at the assizes at

Maidstone, when a compromise was agreed to. The parson made an apology for his conduct, paid all the expenses of the proceedings, and in addition contributed a donation of £200 to the funds of the hospital. The affair probably cost him £500.

I was witness to a catastrophe on Margate Pier of a very painful nature. I allude to an accident which occurred to Mr. Marsh, who, in stepping from the packet in which he had arrived, entangled his foot in the coil of a rope; it was cut off just above the ankle as the rope ran out, and he was crippled for life.

Mr. Grey, of Cork-street, whose great skill in the construction of artificial limbs is well known, rendered him all the assistance that art could supply, and though, as I have said, he was crippled, so ingenious was the contrivance of that gentleman, that his lameness was hardly perceptible.

I shall take this opportunity of mentioning another gentleman, Mr. Aubert, an officer in the East India Company's military service, to whom Mr. Grey rendered similar aid, as the manner in which he met with the accident which rendered it necessary, is an uncommon one.

Mr. Aubert was out on a tiger shooting excursion. As usual on such excursions, he was mounted on an

elephant. Having beat the jungle, it was not long before an enormous tiger was roused from his lair. The elephant, whether from terror or from some other cause, became restive, and was with great difficulty kept in his proper place. Mr. Aubert had time to fire before the tiger made his spring at him, and fortunately sent the ball of his rifle into the loins of the infuriated monster, who rolled over disabled on his back. The elephant at this moment made a bolt from the scene of action, and rushed so quickly beneath the overhanging branches of a large tree, that his rider had barely time to catch hold of one of them to prevent his head being crushed by the force and celerity of the movement. He hung from the branch as long as he could, and would have hung much longer if his strength had allowed him; for immediately beneath him lay the tiger, roaring with pain and fury, and with outstretched jaws anticipating his fall. Fall he did at last, and most unfortunately within reach of the claws and teeth of his antagonist. The tiger got the lower part of his leg in his mouth, and commenced biting off the foot. Mr. Aubert made a desperate effort to escape; he had no weapon; but doubling his fist, he dealt the tiger a tremendous blow in the face; the animal was for a moment stunned and let go the foot, and Mr. Aubert had

just sufficient strength to drag himself beyond reach of the claws of the dying beast, before he became insensible from pain and loss of blood.

I used when visiting Margate and Ramsgate and places in that neighbourhood almost invariably to meet Captain Polhill. The connexion of that gentleman with theatres is well known. Because he could not get rid of his money fast enough in the management of Drury-lane Theatre, he became lessee at the same time of Covent-garden Theatre, and between the disbursements and expenses of the two, succeeded in a short time in reducing an ample fortune to a very limited competency. Ill-natured people were used to say that the almost universal affection which he entertained for the fair sex was a stronger inducement with him to indulge perpetually in the society of actresses than any gratification he derived from mere histrionic predilections. Be this as it may, the gallant little man was incessant in contriving interviews with the ladies of his two establishments; and being aware of the efficacy of Ceres and Bacchus in advancing the interests of Venus and Cupid, his method was to invite the immediate object of his admiration to a *petit souper*, and prove the potency of champagne. It was in an experiment of this sort that he rather mis-

calculated his own strength, and whilst endeavouring to make the lady tipsy, got so drunk that he fell under the table, an object for the laughter and contempt of his companion.

This lady was Miss Clifton, a fair American of great personal attractions ; she had two sisters of equal beauty.

Having spoken of steamers, brings to my recollection a trip I had with some other persons in a cutter down the Channel to meet the "Victory," Lord Nelson's flag-ship, which was returning from Gibraltar, into which she had been towed immediately after the battle of Trafalgar. We were received with great politeness by Sir Thomas Hardy and the officers, and shown all over the ship. I remember the stump of her mizen-mast, near which the great admiral received his death wound : it was so thickly peppered with bullets, that the wonder is not that so many were killed on the quarter-deck by the fire from the enemy's tops, but how any one could possibly escape. We heard many anecdotes of the battle, one of which was a curious fact—viz., that almost all the marines who were wounded lost their arms, whilst the sailors lost their legs.

I had been introduced to Lord Nelson a few days before he sailed from England for the last time, and

I have a vivid recollection of his appearance. He seemed reduced almost to a skeleton; his clothes hung loosely about him, and had none of the smartness by which some modern commanders are distinguished; his cocked-hat was old and had weathered some rough gales. It was placed at the back of his head, not "fore and aft," but across wise. His whole appearance, however, betokened something different from the people of every day, and there was a fire in his sole remaining eye, which showed how the moral nature of the man triumphed over the feebleness of his shattered frame.

Margate was the only place in which I ever attempted to gain theatrical honours. I made my first and last appearance on any stage there, as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," at an amateur performance, to a crowded house. The prompter was drunk, and I was very imperfect in the text of the "immortal bard." I got as far as "I am thy father's ghost," when to my dismay, the prompter who had opened the play-book at the tent scene in "Richard III.," whispered audibly enough for the audience to catch his words, "of wretched Anne thy wife." I contrived as quickly as I could to get off the stage, leaving Hamlet and the spectators more startled with my sayings and doings than if Mr. John Cooper himself, or

any other celebrated performer had entered as the apparition.

Boulogne some forty years ago was a very different place from what it is now. It was a city of refuge for those for whom England had become too hot. I was summoned to attend the death-bed of a relation who had taken up his residence there at a place called "Hotel Tessiliac." The hotel had been a convent. The monks were no longer there, and their places were supplied by successors who had nothing monastic about them. These gentlemen were mostly half-pay officers in the army and navy. There were no Frenchmen on the premises; the morals of that accommodating nation were not sufficiently supple to withstand the continued strain made upon them by the *étrangers*.

The custom of some of the inmates was to rise before the sun every morning, and betake themselves to the downs which stretch beyond the town towards St. Omer. At sunset they returned, and were amongst the most noisy and joyous at the group assembled at the dinner-table. Their motive for these daily trips to the "hills and far away" was, that being amenable to the law of debtor and creditor as existing in France, their persons were not safe as long as the god of day was above the horizon;

as soon as he sought the couch of Thetis, the power of the *huissier* ceased, and they made use of its suspension to enjoy the period of liberty and relaxation.

We could see them from the upper windows of the old monastery, by the aid of a telescope, "putting in" what fugitives call "leg bail," to avoid the pursuit of the officers.

We had also, from the pugnacious disposition of many of them, opportunities of seeing frequent exchanges of shots on the hills from our observatory. Nothing fatal resulted during my abode there from this amusement, though on one occasion the life of one of them was preserved by the bullet aimed at his body being luckily intercepted by a bunch of watch seals, which caused it to diverge from a straight line, and go off at an angle.

I had some difficulty myself from being engaged in an affair of this kind. The gentleman whose life was preserved in the manner I have just mentioned, having more confidence in my honesty than in the honour of his friends, put into my possession a bag containing some hundreds of crown pieces, some Napoleons, &c., with a very strict charge on no account whatever to part with a single coin to any applicant, upon whatever pretence, during his absence on pleasure or business. I was assailed with impor

tunities from every quarter, accompanied with an affirmation from each applicant that he was to be considered an exception to the general rule of refusal, and with a hint that if his honour were doubted, he had a peremptory method of removing the doubt. Under these circumstances, I put myself into the hands of Major Kelly and Major Milne, and those two gentlemen, to my great satisfaction, released me from the awkward predicament into which my dragon-like vigilance over the treasure entrusted to my keeping had brought me.

I have been at Boulogne many times since that adventure occurred; I am glad to say few vestiges of what then existed remain.

I was at Tréport when her Britannic Majesty visited Louis Philippe, and I saw quite enough of the *gesta* of the astute old gentleman to be aware that the meeting would be attended with consequences to be deplored. It was at the Chateau d'Eu that the vulpine propensities of the monarch overreached himself; the crafty cajolery by which he and his Ministers deceived Queen Victoria and the thick-skulled people by whom she was accompanied in the affair of the Spanish marriages, reacted upon his own destiny, and was the first act in the drama which terminated in his deserved expulsion from his

throne. I also at this place saw what to English notions had a strange appearance. The daughter of a man who expiated his crimes by sentence of a criminal tribunal in this country admitted to the regal palace, not only as a professional performer in the amusements, but as a guest at the festivities. The lady herself was certainly not responsible for the criminality of her parent, nor do I take upon me to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children; but it was assuredly in bad taste to allow the presence of anybody at such a meeting from which even the slightest want of delicacy might be inferred.

As I have made mention of one king, I will relate a story of two or three others, with each of whom I was contemporary, and to whom, as the heads of the executive, I was bound to look up with the respect their exaltation required. I allude to their Majesties George III. and IV., and his Majesty William IV.

When I was a boy at Eton I had frequent opportunities of seeing George III. He was accustomed to ride through the town, and he occasionally stopped his horse to speak to people who attracted his attention. He was one of the least difficult colloquists with whom to converse that I ever remember. He continually asked questions, and as continually gave the answers to them himself. His volubility of utter-

ance and repetition of his queries were so rapid, that it was impossible for the most attentive auditor to comprehend what he meant, or to obtain an opportunity of reply. He was, however, full of good temper, condescension, and pleasantry. His personal appearance had little dignity, and conveyed no notion of a king; and there was a jocular frivolity in his manner that was at variance with the exalted situation he filled. He was popular in the neighbourhood of Windsor. His beneficence to the poor, though not very extensive, was accompanied with a certain originality of manner which extended the reputation of his good deeds; and he either did say, or was reported to have said, many things which begat respect for his practical wisdom and keenness of observation.

He was neither penurious nor extravagant, and contrary to what is generally the case, he was more lavish in his expenses in his old age than he had been in his youth.

He had some portion of that sagacity with which the late King of the French was understood to abound, and he put it in practice in the economy of his palace at Windsor, in a manner which occasioned, at the time, considerable merriment amongst most people, though those whom it most concerned exhibited no merriment whatever.

He became aware, in the course of his inquiries into the household expenses of the Castle, that he was paying a great deal beyond what was necessary for the supplies sent in by the various purveyors, and that a host of people were, under the title of perquisites, deriving inordinate gains from the arrangements and abuses of the system. This state of things he was resolved to put an end to, and he adopted the following method of effecting his resolution.

He instituted an examination into the amount of salaries and perquisites received by every functionary in the commissariat department of the palace. All these people, on their own showing, appeared to receive little or nothing beyond the regular stipends of their respective appointments. They all averred that their perquisites were a mere nothing, and that the reports that had got abroad about the extent of them were most untrue. They were then directed to make an average statement for a certain time of the actual amount of those perquisites. This they did, reducing the emolument derived from them to a very trifling sum, and this being submitted to his Majesty, he at once adopted the report, and directed them to be informed that, from that time, no perquisites whatever would be allowed; but that, in the place thereof, the amount at which each individual

for the future had valued his own would be paid in addition to the salary.

They found out, when it was too late, that they had fallen into a trap which they had themselves been accessory in contriving ; and his Majesty congratulated himself in having cut down his expenses.

On the first symptoms of insanity observable in this monarch, Willis, who was eminent for his skill in the treatment of those who were mentally afflicted, was amongst the medical men called in to give his opinion, and to afford relief. At his first interview with the patient he was alone with him. The King was seated at some distance from the fireplace of the room, and Willis was opposite to him. The King exhibited, in the conversation which arose, no symptom that would have led an inexperienced person to conclude that his mind was disordered ; but Willis was too experienced a practitioner not to perceive the real state of the case. He kept his eye fixed upon him with that peculiar expression with which he was enabled to overawe those placed under his charge ; and his Majesty, who seemed to be aware that he was confronted by a person of a very different sort from those who generally attended upon him, became uneasy and fidgetty. He contrived gradually, without rising from his seat, to bring his chair towards

the fireplace, and when he was almost close to the chimney-piece he suddenly started up, seized the poker, and made a blow at the head of the doctor, which, if he had not been fully upon his guard, would have knocked his brains out. Willis immediately closed with him, wrenched the poker from his grasp, gave the signal to his attendants, who forthwith rushed into the room, and effectually secured the royal madman from further attempts at violence.

George IV. was a man of a totally different nature from his father. There was scarcely any subject on which they could sympathize. They differed in all the relations of private life, and on most of the great political questions of the time. George IV. no doubt committed many actions which had little appearance of emanating from a man in full possession of his mental faculties; nevertheless, no man was more in possession of his senses, and in intellectual endowments he very far surpassed his father and his brothers.

His tastes were sensual, and though he was ambitious of being considered the most polished gentleman in Europe, there was little real refinement and little delicacy in his behaviour. He could play the fine gentleman, as Louis XIV. is said to have played the monarch, at certain times with great effect, but after

all he was but an indifferent copy of the *Grand Monarque*, and in his old age, from corpulence and disease, what had once been prepossessing, attractive, and dignified, was altogether obliterated.

His *liaisons*, which even in his youth were without sentiment, where, when he grew old, ridiculous and vulgar.

I remember the mirth which was caused by the transfer of his affections from one noble claimant to another. She who was fortunate enough to secure the transferred attentions of royalty was a good horse-woman; and as he, notwithstanding his great weight, was at the time accustomed to exhibit himself as an equestrian, the lady's skill in equitation was considered one of the attractions of his roving fancy.

The deserted fair one had for many years ceased to fill a side-saddle; indeed her age and bulk prevented such a performance. The experiment was, however, tried of placing her again on horseback, and an animal, almost as large and as strong as a dray-horse, was procured at considerable expense from a fashionable dealer in Duke-street. The lady was regularly rehearsed in the riding-house of a master in the art of riding. Unfortunately the attempt was a failure; by the time she had attained sufficient proficiency to take the field and the road, and got the better of her

bumps and bruises, her rival had made such progress in the good graces of her admirer that she relinquished all further attempts to regain him, and retired from the contest as hopeless.

William IV. differed from his immediate predecessors on the throne in many respects. He had many of the good points of his father, but he had little of that quality which court flatterers term firmness, but which plainer people called obstinacy. He had seen much more of the world, and had improved by his contact with humbler people than himself. From being, at one time, an unpopular prince, he became a deservedly popular monarch. The falsehoods which have spread abroad concerning his connexion and treatment of a certain celebrated actress had been exposed and refuted, and the public did justice to his character. He was a straightforward, plain-spoken, indeed, very plain-spoken man; generous without ostentation, and in his domestic duties a model which it would be well for some of his subjects to have adopted.

He had no dignity of demeanour, no taste for luxury, and little notion of the observances of a Court. Indeed, so little did he comprehend the routine and etiquette of his position that on his first arrival at Windsor Castle as a king, he is said to have been

seated on the box of the royal carriage, so that when the functionary in attendance opened the carriage door he was amazed to find the carriage empty, and in some alarm asked, "Where is his Majesty?" His Majesty at once removed his alarm by answering from his seat, "I am here;" and having descended, he walked into the palace.

He had some appreciation of humour, and was fond of a joke; he sometimes took advantage of his exalted rank to cultivate his taste for such things. He would at the royal table affect sleep, so that all there assembled were compelled to be silent, and he would afterwards disclose to his confidants the stratagem, and laughingly exult in its success, to "bam" or cajole the Poloniusses, male and female, by whom he was surrounded.

CHAPTER XI.

The Tournament at Eglinton—Westminster Elections: disgraceful scenes—Sir Francis Burdett—Captain Murray Maxwell—Orator Hunt—Lee, the High Constable—The Whigs pelted—Special Pleading—Saying of George III.—Improvements in the Law—Serjeant Andrews—Dunbar—Honour of the Profession—Sir A. Parke—Daniel Wakefield—*Casus Consimiles*—Advantages of a Bad Memory—A Celebrated Aurist—Baron de Bode—Waghorn—The Screw Propeller—Conclusion.

I was present at the celebrated tournament held at the seat of the Earl of Eglinton, in Ayrshire. The number of people assembled to witness the martial sports on the first day was immense. Groups flocked from all quarters of the country, and from places beyond the seas. The pageant was one of the most gorgeous things ever witnessed; and had the weather been propitious, the whole spectacle would have well repaid the outlay of money incurred, and the fatigue which many thousands of the visitors must have undergone in reaching the place of action.

Unfortunately, the rain, which in the early part of

the day descended in torrents, destroyed the effect anticipated.

I well remember the procession of the knights, esquires, archers, &c., from the Castle to the tilting-ground, and the show of ladies which formed the most attractive part of it. The whole was admirably arranged, and though it was impossible under the circumstances to preserve the order of the arrangement to the letter, enough was done to show the care and judgment which had been exercised.

It was the grandest masquerade that has been exhibited in Europe for two centuries, and will not easily be obliterated from the memories of those who were present.

In the Castle were assembled the most incongruous and motley groups that imagination can conceive; scores of men in armour of all ages and countries, costumes of the remotest times and regions. The veracious narratives of Froissart, and the fabulous descriptions of Amadis de Gaul, were illustrated in the festivities, encounters, and etiquette. The pavilions of the knights, the banners, pennons, armour, surcoats, weapons, the flourish of trumpets, the clash of steel, the shouts of the spectators, the splendour and quaintness of the resuscitated fashions of the middle ages, the re-union of youth, beauty, and ele-

gance, the strangeness of the devices, and singularity of the contrasts, all co-operated to produce a scene which is as difficult to imagine as to describe.

The guests entertained in the Castle, and the attendants by whom they were accompanied, were far too numerous for the hospitality of the noble owner of the domain to afford a nightly lodgment for the whole. Feasting and merry-making lasted all day and late into the night, but many there were who had to seek their places of repose at a long distance from the immediate scene of the festivities. Every cottage in the neighbourhood was swarming with guests, whom the unsophisticated cotters regarded with bewilderment. Every hostelry was crammed with men-at-arms, archers, Highlanders, and nondescripts.

Of the humbler class admitted to the Park, were some who had trudged on foot from the southernmost parts of England, and amongst them was a blind fiddler, who had actually performed a pedestrian tour from Chichester to ingraft the gratings of his catgut upon the squealing of the bag-pipe.

Notwithstanding the hundreds of persons who went in and out of the Castle in the most promiscuous manner, there was scarcely any loss of property of any sort. The local police were in attendance, and

there were several experienced officers from London. It was fortunate for the owners of jewels and things of value that such was the case. Several of the class known as the "swell mob" were on the ground; the vigilant eyes of the London officers, who were themselves accoutred as franklins and yeomen of ancient days, penetrated through the assumed disguises of the thieves. The latter on being detected, requested leave to remain where they were: they pleaded the length of way they were from London, the charges they had incurred in coming so far from home, and the charges of getting back again. They promised, if allowed to "make their expenses," they would keep their hands from picking and stealing anything beyond, and "pledged their honour" to adhere to the compromise. The officers, very properly, were deaf to such protestations; they were placed on board a steamer at Ardrossan, and returned, *via* Liverpool, to London, without delay.

There was certainly something ridiculous as well as incongruous in the proceedings. This was unavoidable. The sudden assumption in the nineteenth century of the habits, customs, modes, costumes, and pastimes of the fourteenth, required a longer rehearsal than could be afforded by those who were the chief performers on the occasion.

Two obvious improvements in the political and moral state of the community have taken place within my recollection.

I allude to the alterations in the law of election of members of parliament, and in the simplification of the legal code generally.

It has been within my time, that in the city of Westminster, the most flagrant outrages against decency and the most riotous violence have been the certain concomitants of a contested election.

For a fortnight the trade of the streets adjacent to Covent-garden, in which the poll was taken, was suspended. The shops were closed, and the doors of those who took or were suspected of taking an active part in the cause of either of the candidates secured against the expected attacks of those who took a different view of the cause.

Hired mobs, headed by blackguards from the purlieus of Tothill-fields and St. Giles's, organized under the title of bludgeon-men, and headed by recognised ruffians, paraded the streets in the garb of sailors or mechanics, as the case required, preceded by flag-bearers and bands of discordant music, shouting, holloaing, and insulting all who were not of their own faction. Collisions between them were inevitable and frequent. A universal uproar re-

sounded throughout Covent-garden, and in front of the hustings was drawn up a mob of vagabonds, whose pleasure as well as business it was to jostle and intimidate every voter who was about to poll in opposition to the interest of their employer.

I saw this for the first time at the election of Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald. I saw it at the election of Sir Francis Burdett, whose nomination on the hustings, by Mr. Sturch, of Clare-market, I was sufficiently foolish to second—a piece of folly I have for many years regretted. A greater political quack than the honourable baronet, or a more hollow pretender to patriotism, never existed. Whilst professing his admiration for popular government and liberal institutions, he was in core a Tory. Cobbett, who saw through him, was not long in discovering his real character, and predicted that “Old Glory” would become as much despised by his constituents as he had originally been worshipped.

His pantomimic performance at his house in Piccadilly, when he was arrested by a warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons, involved the lives of many persons who assembled to stare at him. The Horse Guards, who, from the brutal manner in which they executed the orders given by the Secretary of State for the dispersion of the mob, obtained the

appellation of "Piccadilly Butchers," were pressing their horses amongst the people, and driving them backwards and forwards with their swords, whilst Burdett was instructing his son in the provisions of Magna Charta, solacing his egotism with the notions of his importance, and flattering his vanity that all the noise, riot, and bloodshed were in honour of his uncompromising zeal for the public good.

At the election in Westminster at which I seconded his nomination, the scenes of riot and disturbance, though not equal to the scenes with which the contests in which Fox had been engaged, were disgraceful to a civilized people. Captain Murray Maxwell, who stood very near to me, was assailed with the most opprobrious and blasphemous language. The hired ruffians whose services were secured in support of the "freedom of election," developed their energies not only in words, but in acts of violence, which it was fortunate were not attended by the most fatal results. Finding that their "sweet voices" were unheeded, they commenced pelting the objects of their dislike with mud, the garbage of the market, and such filth as was in readiness. A large stone was thrown, with sinister precision of aim, at Captain Maxwell. It struck him on the forehead, and he fell senseless in the arms of those who were standing close to him.

He was carried into the Grand Hotel, in which was his committee-room, and medical assistance procured. Fortunately, the wound was not sufficiently severe to cause death, though it was inflicted with such goodwill, that it was wonderful the wounded man survived.

This act of violence, and the fall of him who was the victim of it, was hailed with shouts of exultation by his opponents. An episode, occasioned by a regular hand-to-hand fight between Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, and a brother of Orator Hunt, a deaf and dumb amateur pugilist, on the hustings, succeeded. The "Orator" himself addressed the "constituency" on the usual subjects of reform, &c., and was received with roars of approbation. A dissentient to his principles had nearly been sacrificed to the fury of the mob. Hunt pointed him out to the ruffians around, and by way of increasing their fury, exclaimed, "the 'fellow' who is endeavouring to interrupt me is one of the 'Vere-street gang.'" I need not go into any account of what the Vere-street gang was, but at the time this assertion was made, it was quite sufficient to place the life of a man on whom the imputation was fixed in the most imminent danger.

It was at this election that the supporters of Sir Samuel Romilly met with rather rough treatment.

Lord Durham, Lord Sefton, and other great and little Whigs, who formed an equestrian procession to the hustings in honour of their candidate, were pelted by the mob, and driven down Henrietta-street in most calamitous retreat.

Gale Jones, Dr. Watson, Hunt, Walker, and others of the same stamp, were the men for the "situation."

They maintained it during the whole period of the proceedings, though I believe not one of them had a vote for the city, or any right whatever to interfere with the election.

I was for nearly four years a pupil to a special pleader, Mr. George, No. 1, Inner Temple-lane. It was in a set of chambers in this stack of buildings that Dr. Johnson once lived, and the tenant of the premises in my time assumed some little consequence from the fact that he was amongst the successors of the great lexicographer and moralist. The man's name was Bayle. The attorney's clerks, who had to ascend a flight of stairs to reach him, were in the habit of calling him Bayle (Bail) above, which legal pun was exactly suited to the place and the people by whom it was frequented.

In the office of the special pleader, what may be properly called the study of the law had not the remotest chance of being attended to. No books,

but the Reports of the Courts, were ever made use of. The mode of obtaining information on any point required, was to hunt through indexes and marginal abstracts, till what was called a *casus consimilis* was routed out. The ingenuity of the pleader and his assistants was then employed in the process called "splitting hairs," that is, in endeavouring to find some discrepancy between the case laid before them and the *casus consimilis* unkenelled. This discrepancy, or what was supposed to be one, being discovered, or supposed to be so, all sorts of sophistry was put into requisition to make the better reason look like the worse, or the worse look like the better, as the case might be. An opinion was then written in as bad a hand as the writer could scribble (good penmanship would have made the writer look like an attorney), and the paper on which it was written folded in such a way as not to be "demurrable," indorsed with the name of the wise man, and the fee with which his labours were to be rewarded. The interesting document was then laid upon the pleader's desk, and awaited the call of the attorney's clerk.

During my attendance at this office I had the labour of writing opinions for several eminent barristers who were too ignorant or too lazy to write such things themselves. Amongst them was Serjeant

Andrews. Without claiming to be a peacock, I can assert that he adopted the feathers that belonged to me, and gained distinction above the ordinary jack-daws of his order.

Another part of my labours was to prepare declarations, pleas, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, demurrers, &c. &c. The endless tautology and inexplicable repetition employed in this process is only equalled by the language and phraseology of an Act of Parliament or a Government announcement in the "Gazette." Special counts, common counts, work and labour counts, account stated, and such like unintelligible nonsense, were the staple of the tedious and expensive preliminaries which preceded the regular contest before the judge and jury when once the combatants "joined issue," or, in other words, gave each other the lie in an unmistakable manner. The business was then considered out of the pleader's hands, and the barristers "stood in" to protect the interests of their clients and themselves.

It is recorded of George III. that he said, "lawyers knew no more of law than other people; all they knew was where to look for it, which other people did not."

I certainly took more law into the Temple than

I ever took out of it. I lost three years and a half of the best part of my life in drudgery and toil, and I spent several hundred pounds for the advantage of hunting through "Tidd's Practice" for information which could never be reached, and modifying "Wentworth and Chitty on Pleading," to suit the requirements of the cases which daily occurred.

The alterations in the law have swept away these absurdities; the practice of pleading is simplified, and the rules of court, if not perfect, are at least intelligible.

The criminal law has been pruned and weeded; the bloody code which was put into force at the Old Bailey, and at other criminal courts by Sir John Sylvester and others of the old school of recorders and judges, has been succeeded by milder enactments. We do not see now, as I have seen formerly, whole strings of our fellow-creatures hung up for strangulation for offences which, now-a-days, are expiated by the imprisonment of a few months, or a nominal deportation; nor are our feelings harrowed, and our senses offended, by the spectacle of malefactors gibbeted on our roadsides within ten miles of London.

One of the originals whom I remember, a barrister on the Home Circuit, was Dunbar. If he had little

law, he had what is of equal use to a Nisi Prius advocate, unconquerable pertinacity and impudence which nothing could abash. He was a man whom it was impossible to "put down." I have seen him set counsel, judge, and jury at defiance. I have seen him, when neither retained by plaintiff, defendant, prosecutor, nor prisoner, continually interfering as *amicus curiæ*, and by repeated interruptions obstructing the business of the Court. The late Sir Alan Park, who was, on the occasion to which I am about to allude, presiding in the Criminal Court at one of the assize towns on the Home Circuit, was so annoyed by his interference, that he expostulated with him in no very measured terms. "Mr. Dunbar," said the judge, "if you have no respect for your own character, respect the honour of the Bar."

"My lord," replied Dunbar, "you and I, and everybody else, have heard of the unicorn, but neither you, nor I, nor anybody else, has ever seen it. I take it the honour of the Bar is much such another fabulous nonentity; everybody has heard of it, but nobody has as yet been so fortunate as to see it."

This observation of the learned gentleman, I am sorry to say, was received with an audible expression of applause by the auditors in the Court, who seemed to concur in the opinion of him by whom it was uttered.

Dunbar, amidst other eccentric developments, appeared one Lord Mayor's Day as the "man in armour" in the civic procession. His martial appearance was acknowledged by the mob which thronged the streets. On descending from his horse, he was assisted by the attendants at Guildhall to his place at the gorgeous festival. His place, however, was not at the table but behind it. He occupied a lofty pedestal, immediately at the back of the chief magistrate, standing somewhat in the attitude of Mars in the cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens.

Now it unfortunately happened that though he

"Carved *not* at the meal
With gloves of steel,"

he

"Drank the red wine through the helmet barred"

in such large quantities, that the heat of the room and the weight of his armour, co-operating with the strength of his potations, affected his equilibrium. After "reeling" almost "gunwale to" both "larboard and starboard," he toppled head foremost from his perch and fell, fortunately missing his lordship in his descent, sprawling at full length upon the table over which his lordship presided.

It may be supposed his unexpected intrusion caused a "sensation" of no ordinary kind. The crash of tureens, dishes, plates, and glasses, was

accompanied by the squalls of women and the indignant expostulations of men. To neither did he, or could he, offer apology or explanation. The waiters and the constables came speedily to the rescue, and in a state of unconscious intoxication, or collapse, he was conveyed with some difficulty from the scene of his achievement.

Unfortunately for his success in his profession he had so great a fondness for it, that when he had no clients to whose causes he might devote his attention, he became a litigant on his own account. The consequence was a serious diminution of his pecuniary means, and an illustration of the old saying, "He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client."

I remember, also, Daniel Wakefield, whose success at the bar had no connexion whatever with his knowledge of the law. He was originally a clerk in the Navy Pay-office in Somerset House. He "ate his terms" at one of the inns of court, and was called to the bar by the venerable benchers in the usual manner, without ever having opened the pages of any law book whatsoever. He told me this with his own lips, and on my expressing surprise that he had not even looked into "Blackstone's Commentaries," he assured me it was all humbug, and that the only law necessary to be known might be picked up by an ingenious

man as he went along, and was to be had fresh for every day's practice at a much easier rate than studying obsolete nonsense, and of a much better quality than old law books could supply.

He commenced practice at the common law bar, went the Oxford circuit, and was leader at the Berkshire sessions. His success was equal to his impudence, and he pocketed no small amount of fees. The attorneys were not slow in discovering that he was precisely the man to bully the witnesses and cajole the jury, and he was with them a favourite advocate.

His impudence at the quarter sessions was almost unexampled. He was aware that the Rhadamanthuses who presided were greater pretenders than himself, and he took advantage of it in this manner :

However desperate the case which he had to support might be, he invariably assumed that his client had law and justice on his side. He could show the Bench that the judges in the courts above had determined a precisely similar claim (or repudiation, as the case might be) in favour of a party who was precisely in the same predicament as the party he had the honour to be concerned for was in. He then proceeded to cite "Brown against Green," "Jones *versus* White," "*Ex parte* Tomkins," &c. &c., and

argue, from the analogy of their cases, that the same principle was applicable to his.

He was continually dipping into his law bag, and pulling forth a volume of Reports, of which he turned over the leaves with an attention suited to the gravity of the research. If, as it sometimes happened, that he was asked to hand up the Report to the Bench, he, without losing his courage, observed he had brought the wrong volume with him, but he felt assured their worships would take his word that the case cited was as he had stated, and pardon his inadvertency in putting one book into his bag instead of the other.

This ingenious mode of gaining the "ear of the Court" was almost invariably successful; and his reputation as well as his wealth was augmented by its adoption.

He left the common law bar for the equity bar, in which a greater scope was furnished to his powers of mystification, and obtained an extensive practice and a silk gown.

He was in the habit of making use of a shower-bath every morning, under the absurd notion of prolonging his days. The result was the exact contrary to his expectations. He was found dead in the machine he had employed for his gratification.

I believe there are many men now at the bar whose

knowledge, not of their profession, but of what their profession ought to be, is not a jot more extensive than this man's was. I believe I could name not a few amongst the "men of the robe" in Westminster Hall who are as ignorant of the principles of law and of the science of jurisprudence as the most humble law clerk in the office of an attorney.

A good memory is reckoned among the blessings of Providence, and no doubt many enjoyments and advantages are derived from its possession. I have, however, met with an instance in which the total want of it, in everything but the most common occurrences of life, conferred a sort of benefit upon the person who was destitute of the faculty.

This was the case of an old lady, who was among the clients of Mr. George, the special pleader. I will give an illustration of her deficiency and its advantage. Everybody has experienced the pleasure which the first perusal of De Foe's novel "Robinson Crusoe" imparts. Now this old lady had read "Robinson Crusoe" through and through so many times, that it might have been supposed she would have had the whole book by heart. Not a bit of it. By the time she had got to the last page, not a vestige of what the other pages contained remained in her memory; she commenced *de novo* with as much zest

for the tale of the hero as if she had never gone through the narrative before, proceeded in her task with increased delight, and arrived at the termination of her reiterated perusal ready to repeat her task as often as opportunity was afforded.

The incessant renewal of mnemonic virginity was actually a source of the most delightful intellectual enjoyment.

I may as well suggest in this place, that though ninety-nine times out of a hundred Memory and Recollection are considered to be synonymous, they are different things.

I illustrate my notion of the distinction between them thus : Memory is the well in which a fluid exactly the contrary to the waters of oblivion is contained. Recollection is the bucket by which this fluid is drawn up when it is wanted for use. Most persons possess the well, but of those who have got the bucket, some seldom have it at hand, and others are so inexpert in its use, that their employment of the apparatus is frequently attended with results exactly the contrary of what they desire.

As akin to loss of memory and recollection may be mentioned loss of hearing ; and I mention this loss here, as it affords me the opportunity of telling a story of an acquaintance of mine who applied to a

celebrated aurist for the recovery of the last named loss.

Mr. — was not only a deaf man, but was also a nervous man. He was not only too polite, but he was too timid to oppose or contradict an opponent. He said "yes" to everything, or "no" to everything, just as he by whom the question was put desired, or as he conjectured he desired, to be answered.

This gentleman having heard, or rather read much of the "Royal Dispensary for the Cure of Diseases of the Ear," and of Mr. Curtis, by whom it was conducted, applied to that gentleman for advice and assistance. Mr. Curtis was a man who from long experience was able to form a correct idea of the characters as well as the diseases of the people who made application for his services, and he very soon discovered that the new applicant was not a very wise man. Mr. Curtis in his practice adopted rather the vigorous energy by which Dr. Radcliffe was distinguished than the persuasive lenity with which modern practitioners in nervous cases are accustomed to treat fine ladies and gentlemen. He took patients by storm rather than by protracted advances, and in the case of my deaf and nervous acquaintance, he came in contact with the man who was of all others least calculated to withstand his robustness; in short, he could not

extract such a reply from him as would enable him to judge correctly of the extent of his malady, or of the progress of the means employed for its removal.

He seated the patient in a chair in which patients were placed during examination, and after various questions proceeded thus:—

“ You hear what I say to-day better than you did yesterday ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ You hear what I say without difficulty ; don't you ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ What's your name ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ How old are you ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

The practitioner was growing irate, the patient was trembling with fear, he could hear nothing, but concluded that his safety depended on the acquiescence of his responses. The practitioner was resolved not to be so easily satisfied ; he pulled out his watch, and held it to the ear of the patient.

“ Do you hear that watch tick ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ That's a d——d lie, for it doesn't go.”

The patient, though he could not hear the words

of Mr. Curtis, was aware that something was wrong. He got out of the chair and out of the house as fast as he could, and never troubled the owner of them again with his presence.

There are several persons with whom I was acquainted of whom I should have been glad to have said something; but my task draws to a conclusion, and I can only allude to them briefly. Among them was the Baron de Bode, a man whose treatment by the Government of this country is a disgrace to its records, and a flagrant example of the injustice which exists in high places.

He called upon me a few days before his death: he was at the time in high spirits at what appeared a favourable turn in his fortunes. I was about to leave town for Ramsgate, and as he stepped into his carriage he made an appointment to call upon me on my return that day week. Alas! he was not destined to keep that appointment. Whilst I was absent, in consequence of a very powerful influence being exerted in his favour, he became so excited that his constitution, enfeebled by the continual vexations to which he had been exposed, sunk under the vehemence of his feelings.

On my return from Ramsgate, on the arrival of the railway train at Canterbury, I bought a copy of a morning newspaper, in the columns of which, to

my most sincere regret and great surprise, I found the account of his death.

Waghorn, by whose exertions the overland passage to India was first planned and carried into execution, met with every opposition to his plans, which the indifference and the ignorance of the Government could throw in his way. He was pooh-poohed, ridiculed, and discouraged. I had it from his own lips, that when on his first visit to Downing-street, he was, after an interview with the great men there assembled, treated with cold civility, and bowed out of the room, the great men who remained therein could not restrain their mirth. As he retreated from the place, he heard himself called an ass, an idiot, and a madman by those who could neither estimate his merits nor calculate the importance of his designs.

Nevertheless, his plan succeeded, and its results have conferred the greatest benefits on this country. On himself they conferred little benefit. The niggardly reward for his services, and the scanty remuneration for the heavy sums he had expended from his private resources in establishing his views, were doled out from time to time in a way that reflects no little disgrace on those whose duty it was to have done justice to his claims, and the paltry allowance made to his widow is among the most contemptible acts of contemptible people.

Mr. Smith, the inventor of the screw-propeller, with which so many men-of-war are furnished, and by the introduction of which naval tactics have been almost altogether changed, was at the commencement of his labours thwarted and opposed in every way by the Government authorities. After having spent a handsome private fortune in advancing the interests of science, and increasing the power of his country, he received an appointment connected with the invention which he had brought to perfection. Of this he was deprived by the miserable truckling of the Administration to the clamour for economy in the House of Commons, raised by men whose equivocal public services had given them a bastard popularity that frightened the Minister.

Had my limits allowed me, I would have said something of the gambling-houses of London, and given some anecdotes of people connected with them that would have enlightened as well as amused my readers. I may reserve these things for a future opportunity. For the present I take my leave of my readers, hoping that I have not been wearisome or impertinent in what I have presented for their entertainment.

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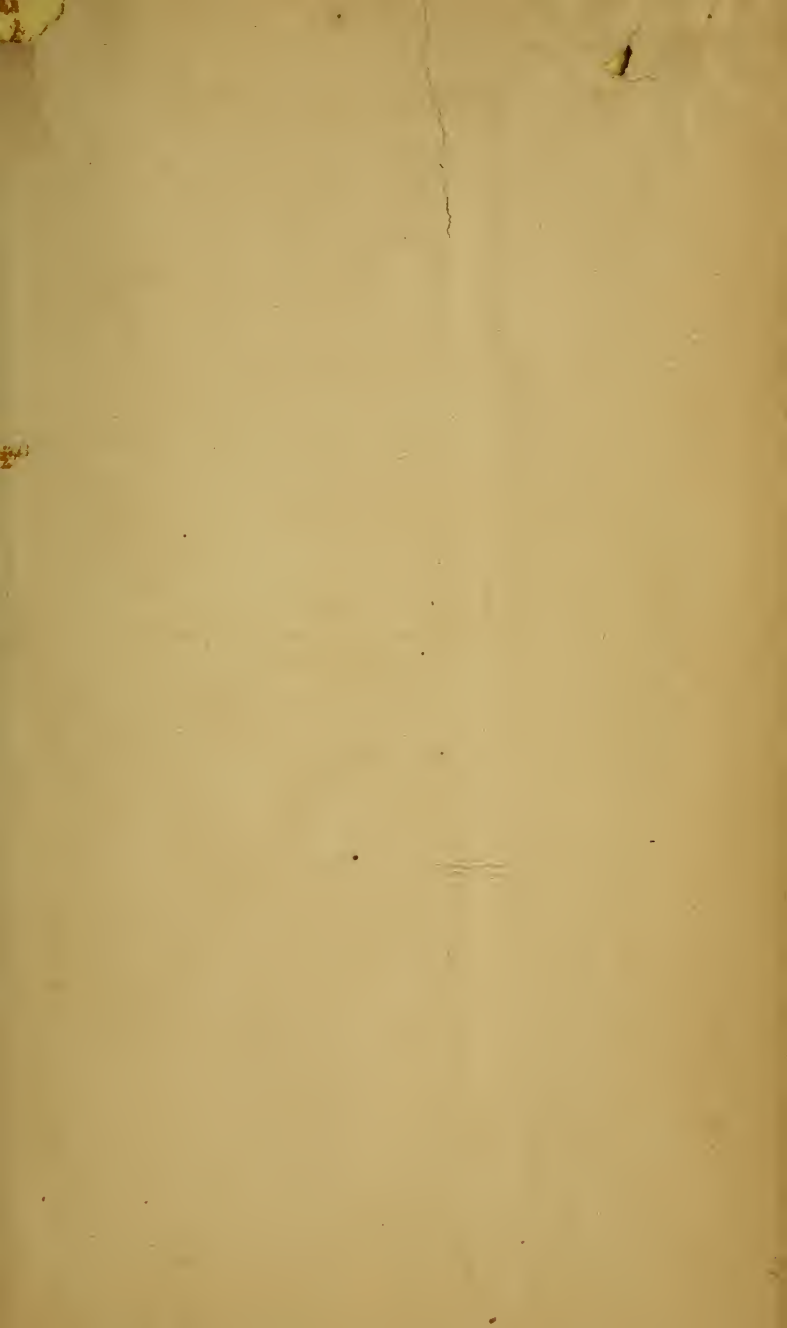
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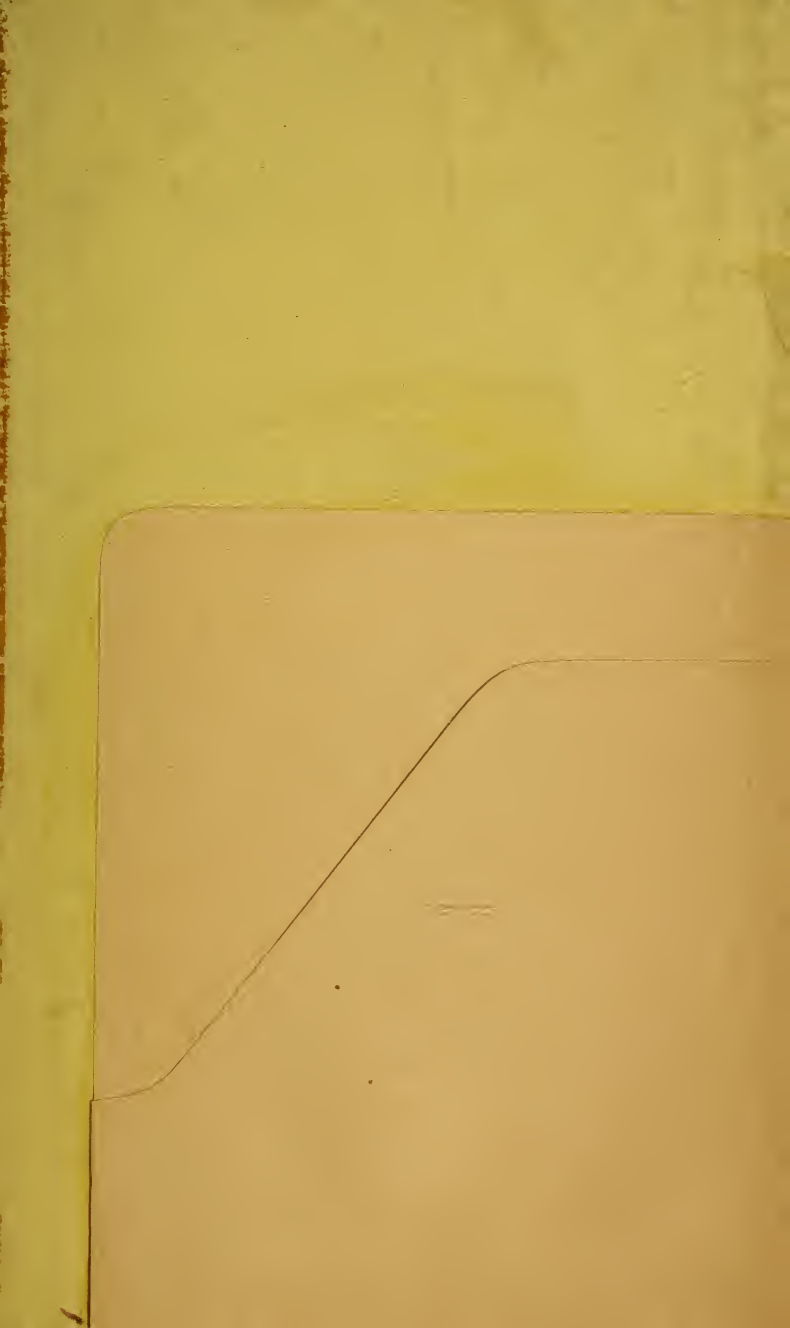
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